The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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THE BOXING CRAZE AMONGST LADIES.

An English Professor who has several Pupils who are Clever.

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BEFORE the middle of March we shall know whether or no James J. Corbett, champion heavy-weight, and Peter Jackson, coloured champion, will settle their differences in London. The extravagant bids made for the match in the States can hardly be looked upon as genuine, because the various so-called clubs who propose giving such large sums are not regularly organised clubs, but merely syndicates of sporting speculators prepared to resort to any means available to make a little money. The offer which the National Sporting Club will make, through manager Fleming, will be genuine, and those who belong to that organisation are gentlemen who pay their money for sport, pure and simple.

The liberal offer of the THE MIRROR OF LIFE to present the winner with a 200 guinea trophy should certainly be worthy of recognition from the men, because it is a proposition heretofore unheard-of in this country or the States. In making the proposition the proprietors of THE MIRROR OF LIFE have only in view the advancement of boxing sport in this country, and cannot possible get any return other than the appreciation and good will of the contestants and the sportsmen of the United Kingdom.

Corbett will unquestionably come here for a visit, and why should he not combine business with pleasure? He can rest assured of fair play and a grand reception, because the patrons of sport fully appreciate a champion who can be a fighter and a gentleman too.

It was Jackson's gentlemanly conduct whilst here that gained for him so many staunch supporters, and should the match occur in London it is likely that he would be heavily backed to win. There is no great amount of Jackson money floating around in the States, therefore Corbett should want to meet the coloured man where the redoubtable Peter has the greatest support.

* * *

The offer of THE MIRROR OF LIFE to give a ten guinea trophy for a shaving competition is certainly a liberal one, and should bring together a goodly number of the knights of the razor for the display. With some of the "cracks" as contestants the match would draw large crowds, and make for the winning man, in addition to THE MIRROR OF LIFE prize, a decent sum of money in gate receipts.

* * *

THE authorities are to be congratulated on the raid they have inaugurated on the Owl Clubs of London, which can only be termed a rendezvous for prostitutes and the gay young men, whose only ambition is to encourage anything which tends toward immorality. It is in these institutions that liquor is sold at extravagant prices, and the proprietors dispense it without paying the licence fee demanded of a publican.

* * *

HAIR-DRESSING parlours and public-houses should always keep THE MIRROR OF LIFE on file for the benefit of customers. Proprietors of such places will certainly find it to their advantage financially to accept this "tip," because the people who patronise such establishments frequently display an inclination to look over interesting journals, and the MIRROR OF LIFE is at the head of that list.

MR. JOHN NANSON.

Popular Sportsman and Bookmaker.

(With Portrait.)

THERE are few who ever sprung to the front ranks as a prominent bookmaker in so short a space of time as John Nanson. He started several years ago as a bookmaker in the half-crown ring, and within eighteen months from that time he became a member of Tattersall's and the Victoria Club. He is thoroughly reliable, and is the owner of some first-class race-horses stabled at Epsom.

Mr. Nanson does not confine himself to horses alone, but is a liberal patron to boxing, rowing, and pedestrianism. He is a member of the National Sporting Club, and is at all times prepared to aid any legitimate branch of sport. He is one of a few thorough sportsmen, and a credit to the sporting fraternity, being honest and fair in all his dealings, and decidedly popular with turf patrons.

SEIZED BY HIS GUESTS.

An Episode at the New Mandoline Club.

(Subject of Illustration.)

At Marlborough Street Police-court, February 8, Joseph Croner, 63, of the New Mandoline Club, Leicester Square, and Harry Nicholls, alias Bernard, a sorter, of Aden Grove, Stoke Newington, were charged on remand with unlawfully keeping, managing, and maintaining, at 29, Leicester Square (the club premises), a disorderly house, with committing a common nuisance thereby, and also keeping a house for public dancing, music, and other public entertainment of a like kind, without a licence had for that purpose from the preceding Michaelmas Quarter Sessions of the peace, contrary to a statute of George II.—Mr. H. Wilson (Messrs. Wilson and Wallis) prosecuted for the overseers of the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and Mr. Hutton defended. —Maud Roberts, a fashionably-dressed young woman, of 3, Beauchamp Place, said that she had no occupation. She was in the club on February 2 when the police entered. She was a member, but had never paid a subscription, and had never been asked for any. She became a member two or three months ago, having received an invitation to go there. She had had spirits there. She had never been asked to sign the visitors' book when she had friends with her. There were usually fifty or sixty people in the club.—Charles Henry Reece, of 24, Carroun Road, Clapham, said that he was assistant manager to the club from October until December. His duties were to look after the ball room and to pass those who entered the club. He had no list of members. As a matter of fact, very few who came in were members. He used to admit those whom he knew to be "all right;" by that he meant those whom he had seen at other clubs—he meant both ladies and gentlemen. There was no election of members during the time he was there. At the time he left the formation of a committee had been commenced, but it was not continued. Everybody who came in purchased whatever drink he or she required. Champagne was sold at a guinea and 25s. a bottle. He had known as much as £40 to be taken for drinks, cigars, and suppers. Subscriptions might also be included in that sum; but he feared that they were very few. On New Year's night he went in with a gentleman who was not a member. They had a bottle of wine in the office, his friend paying for it, and then went into the ballroom, where they found Croner. It was a "rather rowdy night." Croner was disliked among the "club people," and when he made his appearance in the supper-room a number of men seized him and poured sauce over him. He had seen persons the worse for drink on the premises, and had witnessed many squabbles. It was the rule of some to get "top-heavy" before the night was out. All the loose women of the West End visited the place. He (Reece) was dismissed by Croner. The night when the police entered was the first night he ever saw Bernard.—Mr. Wilson said that he must admit that he had little evidence against the second prisoner.—Mr. Newton thereupon discharged Bernard. — After some further evidence, Croner was committed for trial. Other charges of selling drink without a licence were adjourned.

JOE CHOYNSKI.

Clever Pugilist who is Sparring Partner to Peter Jackson.

(With Portrait.)

THERE are few men who are not able to whip champions but can make it extremely interesting for any in that class. Joe Choynski can safely be called one of the best little big men before the public. He gave J. J. Corbett the hardest battle Corbett ever had. He has met several of the first class heavyweights, and though fortune has not favoured Joe to any alarming extent he has invariably put up a fight worth witnessing. He is too heavy for the middleweight class and not big enough for the heavyweights. Choynski is sparring partner to Peter Jackson, and in nightly displays he makes it warm for the coloured champion.

JOHN T. GRIFFIN,

The American Pugilist who Challenges the World at 8st 10lb.

(With Portrait.)

JOHN T. GRIFFIN, is a resident of Braintree, Mass., U.S.A., and one of the best 8st 10lb pugilists ever produced in the States. He has beaten Australian Billy Murphy, and bested Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider. He has tried for the past year to induce George Dixon to meet him at 8st 8lb, but Dixon declined the job. Griffin is open to fight any man in the world at 8st 10lb for a suitable purse and side bet.

THE LIFE OF A STOCKBROKER.

How Some Make It One Round of Pleasure.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The idea prevails that the stockbroker's life consists solely of one round of pleasure. That, however, is not the case. The late Jay Gould, the American railway magnate and millionaire, once said that five hours' work on the floor of the Stock Exchange necessitated from eight to ten hours' absolute rest in order to keep a clear head and pursue stock speculation as a source of livelihood. There is probably no branch of business which creates so much fatigue as mental labour and excitement, and a stockbroker is the victim of both. One never knows what course the market shall take at any hour; hence it is the greatest lottery that ever existed. To be rash means financial ruin, and it is due to rash dealings on the floor of the Exchange that many attain a premature old age. Few can realise to what pitch a man can be worked up to in "Bulling" or "Bearing" stocks, and to find yourself "straddled" produces a source of worry sufficient to wreck a constitution were it made of iron. Those who make a sure play by executing commission orders on the floor have little or no worry, and gloat over excitement. So long as he can keep a cliental which is profitable, he leads a "rapid" existence, and an occasional opportunity to "crib" a little beyond the regular commission has a tendency to induce him to make the "fur" fly for a few days. It would be unjust to say that all stockbrokers possess the same disposition, but we shall take one whose sole aim in life is to obtain a fat living and as many pleasures as are possible with as little worry and risk as the law allows.

At ten o'clock in the morning you will find him on the floor of the Exchange, and at the strike of the gong he is lost in the crowd screeching out an offer to buy or sell some stock beyond the market price. He will execute a few orders, and at 1·30 he must take a reviver, though whilst drinking he will not lose sight of the ticker. Take it at 3.30 p.m., and you are pretty sure to find him telling a client why the market went up or down, and indications of what the following day will bring forth. Lunch is next in order, and at six o'clock it is time for him to doff his business clothes and put on evening attire. Two hours later he will purchase a nosegay for some music hall favourite whom he will invite out to a late supper and a glass of wine. If you were to attend a boxing contest at midnight, one of the first men you would come in contact with would be the broker cheering on his favourite to victory. This is followed by an hour's sport at a fandango, and when the clock strikes three he will land upon his door-step waiting for some charitably disposed lodger to put him to bed. How he frequently strikes his couch is a matter of conjecture. Sometimes he will get between mattresses, too tired to disrobe, the silk tile in a shattered condition, and remnants of wearing apparel strewn about haphazard. At 9 o'clock in the morning his head will be as big as a balloon, but a shampoo, a drop of absinthe, followed by a pint bottle, will partially clear his befuddled brain so that when the gong strikes he is again ready for business and the excitement wears off the ill effects of the previous night's debauch.

JUMPED OUT OF A WINDOW.

A Fashionable Lady Seeks Death at Hotel Brabant, Paris.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A TERRIBLE suicide occurred in Paris the other day. At the hotel Brabant a fashionably dressed lady engaged a room and had her luggage conveyed to it. She appeared well dressed, and to have ample funds to liquidate any bill she might incur. During the first night after her arrival she cut the veins of her arms, but death did not come quick enough to suit her, so she climbed on a chair and jumped out of the window into the street, death being instantaneous. On searching her trunk in the room six hundred francs were found, together with a lot of valuable clothing and jewellery.

RETREAT FOR TRAMPS.

A Publican's Method of Sheltering Tramps to His own Profit.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE severe weather in Nebraska, writes a correspondent, has driven all the tramps into the large towns and cities in the western country. The World's Fair proved a haven for many thousands during the time it was in progress, and they then sought more lucrative fields further west. We are infested with them here in Omaha, to the discomfiture of the populace. During the day they will beg for food and money, and at night hie themselves to the public-houses, spending their few coppers, and hang on till the doors of the place are shut for the night.

In a low resort in town the proprietor keeps his place open day any night. To accommodate the homeless he has stretched rope across the rear end of his saloon, one being two feet from the floor, and the others four feet from the floor. Those who make a purchase of two bears or one glass of whisky, at a cost of ten cents, are privileged to sit on the floor, and rest on the low rope for the night. The more unfortunate ones who only have sufficient money to buy one glass of beer for five cents are forced to use the high rope for the night. As many as a hundred are accommodated here some nights, and as the ropes are not put in service till after the regular business subsides at midnight, itis the means of increasing his trade just as much.

A BILLIARD-MARKER'S FIND.

One of the Unemployed obtains a Night's Lodging.

(Subject of Illustration.)

ON entering a billiard-room at Leeds the other day, the marker was ejecting a man, who, it appears, had hid himself the previous evening, and after the place had been locked up, undressed and lie down where he was found the next morning when the marker and several patrons entered. He proved to be one of the unemployed, who probably would shun any proposal to earn an honest living.

THEY "GUYED" AN OLD MAID.

How Performers Amused Themselves at the Expense of a "Stagey" Old Maid.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IT is poor policy for stage-struck females to run up against music-hall performers and expect to receive decent treatment. A good story is going the rounds of an old maid who sought fame before, or at least in front, the footlights, and secured an audience with a young lady who formerly appeared in American burlesque opera companies. Being fond of sport she set a time for the old flame to meet some of the professional friends, when the aspirant could give exhibitions of her skill. They met the other evening, when the test occurred, and will not soon be forgotten. The old Dame selected pathetic songs, and in rendering them she placed those present in misery, because her voice was a cross between that of a screech owl and a poll parrot. Her efforts were duly applauded, and one the "pros" suggested that she disrobe that judgment might be passed on the shapeliness of her limbs. The victim did so, and what a sight she did present! With her cadaverous face, slop-sided shoulders, shapeless legs, and enormous feet, she was indeed a sight to behold. She was "tagged" "Belongs on Slap 7," an intimation that she would be a fit subject for the charnel house. Compliments were freely bestowed on the aspirant for vocal abilities and shapeliness, and it was after much persuasion that she was induced to leave the party. She was made a veritable "guy" for the rest of the evening, and occasionally she can be seen loitering in the theatre lobbies in search of her "friends" of that evening in hopes of securing an engagement to appear in a pantomime or opera, and travel on her shape.

MR. WARD McALLISTER.

The Famous Leader of New York Swell Society.

(With Portrait.)

Mr. Ward McAllister is the leader of New York's Swell Society; he was the organiser of the famous 400. He was born at Savannah, Georgia, U.S.A., December 28, 1828, and is therefore sixty-five years of age, though he appears to be a man much younger. He was educated at Yale College, but was not graduated, leaving there to enter business life in New York. In 1850 he went to San Francisco, and joined his father's law firm of McAllister and Sons.

In 1853 Mr. McAllister married Miss Sarah T. Gibbons, daughter of William Gibbons of Georgia.

Mr. McAllister is distinguished as the so-called leader of New York society, as the author of a remarkable book, and as a member of the staff of the New York *World*. In his literary style he falls somewhat below Lord Macaulay, but as an epicure and an arranger of palatable dishes he would rank far above the author of the famous essays.

FOUND AT LAST.

Delays in Effecting an Entrance to Homes on Lodge Nights Obviated.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The gay young man who always found it difficult to make his night key reach the proper place on returning home in the small hours of the morning, too tired to stand erect, or even hold a cigar properly in his mouth, has at last obviated the source of his trouble. Sitting upon a doorstep awaiting the approach of a "Bobby" at an unseasonable hour, that the officer might effect an entrance for him, is not what it is cracked up to be. A clever device has just been produced by a swell young man, so that however inebriated he may be he is bound to land his latchkey home at every attempt. The arrangement resembles a funnel which fits in the keyhole so that the opening is sufficiently large to allow of two hands to be placed inside. The key run along the side is bound to fetch up in the proper place. Many are availing themselves of the idea for use on lodge nights. It enables an intoxicated man to enter his house without difficulty, but it does not protect him from being

Met by his Wife

with a pair of tongs in her hand ready to read the riot act to her liege lord. However it has a tendency to keep concealed the family skeleton, and that means much in a quiet and respectable neighbourhood.

HE MADE THEM SETTLE.

How a Photographer Hastened Delinquents into Paying Old Accounts.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The tailors in New York City have a scheme whereby they can hasten the payment of old debts. Many will purchase clothes of the high-priced tailors, and so long as they can get credit they will order expensive wearing apparel. They don't mind an occasional demand to liquidate the account, and feel that it is an honour to owe their tailor a stiff sum of money.

The tailors, rather than be bilked out of the entire sum, agreed mutually to hold annual sales of out-standing bills. The names are placed on the list with amounts due affixed. This list is placed in a conspicuous place, and a notice of the day when the accounts will be disposed of at public auction. They usually bring on an average of fifty per cent. of the amount due when bid in, and many rather than bear the disgrace will quietly settle the account previous to the auction.

The closest approach to this method is a scheme worked by an English photographer, who recently set out a frame containing a batch of photographs, and directly beneath it a placard which said "People who owe me money." It worked like a charm, because the belligerent ones were soon acquainted with the fact that their indebtedness was a matter of public talk, called on the photographer with all kinds of threats imaginable. The creditor remained firm, however, and only entertained a proposition to remove a portrait when the original had liquidated the account.

STAGE TALK.

Henry Irving was fifty-six years old on February 6, having first saw the light of day in the year 1838, on that day, at Keinton, near Glastonbury. We hope he may live to see many more birthdays. We can imagine

The Famous Irving.

when studying his parts years gone by, little dreaming he would become so popular both here and in the States.

* * *

Miss Minnie Palmer will open the Royalty Theatre on Thursday, February 15, with *The Little Widow*, a three-act farce, which has attained considerable success in the provinces. It will be preceded by *In Olden Days*, a dramatic incident in one act.

* * *

Take a legitimate theatrical manager or agent, he has but little time to lose on stage-struck girls, and occasionally you will find one who will either decline to be seen, or

Set a Dog on the Aspirant.

Not so with George Henry Gartley, who kept an office solely for the purpose of duping the unsuspecting female. He was, however, hauled up with a sharp turn, and at the Old Bailey, February 8, he was given a well deserved sentence of ten months with hard labour for swindling aspirants to dramatic honours.

HE HAD TO GIVE UP.

A Clever Device to Extort Money from Licentious Man.

(Subject of Illustration.)

It was the same old story. He had a loving wife and children, but would display a desire to wander in strange pasture fields. He formed the acquaintance of a young lady of leisure, and on tiring of her sought out a substitute. On retiring the other evening with the substitute the cast off secured the shoes of the object of her contention and her paramour. She then informed the pair that unless £10 was forthcoming both pairs of shoes would be delivered by the fireside of the faithless man. Rather than involve himself into domestic difficulties the tenner was handed over, and now the guilty man finds solace in a different portion of the city, where he feels safe from blackmail and exposure.

HE WAS DONE UP QUICK.

The Mile End Marvel was not Speedy Enough.

(Subject of Illustration.)

James Rymer professes to be able to scrape a face in less time than any other knight of the razor in the world. Notwithstanding his speed he is not rapid enough for a "cove" who wanted to be shaved and have his shoes polished all in the short space of fifteen seconds. In making the test recently the man, having two barbers and two bootblacks at work, had his face scraped and his shoes brightened up a trifle under a quarter of a minute. He declares that he has no use for one barber, but must have two perform the operation. He claims fifteen seconds is as long a time as any man should be placed in torture, and believes that both sides being shaved simultaneously has a a tendency to evenly balance the sufferings.

WHITE CAP OUTRAGES IN AMERICA.

The Regulators or White Caps, who for months have been terrorising Kentucky, U.S.A., were out in force the other night, says a correspondent, fifty men being in the party.

After they had visited several houses and called out the men, whipping some very severely and warning others to mend their ways, leave the State, or take the consequences, they surrounded the village of Leesburg.

Keeping guard, they forced open the cabin door of Josh Mitchell and forcibly dragged him from his bed, and carried him about fifty yards from his home and tried him before Judge Lynch.

As soon as Mitchell took in the situation he broke through the line and made for his cabin. Just as he was nearing his door the White Caps fired, and Mitchell's body was perforated with not less than twenty-five buckshot. He died at once.

Immediately after killing Mitchell, the White Caps attacked the residence of Brack Bottoms and forced open his door. They made his wife strike a light, but could not find Brack. His wife said that he was absent from home, but they did not believe her, for the children kept begging that the men would not kill their father.

After making a thorough search, and as they were about to leave, one of the White Caps saw some soot falling down the chimney into the smouldering fire. Looking up the chimney he saw Bottoms, who had been frightened by the shooting when Mitchell was killed, and had hidden for safety.

Dragging him down by the heels, they carried him off and gave him fifty lashes on his bare back, lacerating the flesh at every stroke. Bottoms had been dragged from his cabin by a rope slipped around his neck, but the cries of the children and the prayer of the wife aroused a feeling of sympathy in the hearts of his persecutors, and instead of hanging him they decided to give him a severe beating.

Their next attempt to take the law into their own hands was a failure. Oscar Reynolds, two weeks previously, was warned to leave the country, but he publicly proclaimed that he had done no wrong and would stand his ground, his house being his castle.

They visited it, and finding his doors so strongly barred that they would not give in, ordered him to let them in. He refused, as he had heard the shooting and the cries of Bottoms. He said he was ready for them. They held a council of war and decided to postpone their attack. Mounting their horses they rode away.

HE CHOKED THE "MONK."

It failed, however, to bring forth the "Bob."

(Subject of Illustration.)

It was noon time, and not a great distance from Holborn Circus, and on all sides there was a hurrying to and fro of clerks and typewriter girls towards the lunch rooms of the vicinity. Under foot, slop reigned; overhead the heavens rained. By the curb a street pianist was converting the east wind into the piping strains of "After the Ball." By his side was the partner of his sorrows—joys he had none, for he wore a face as long as a funeral and twice as mournful. Suddenly a shout was heard:—"Wahoo! wahoo; wahoo!

At an open window in the top story of a building a group was standing in shirt-sleeves, gesticulating and shouting, one of them shaking a piece of silver in his hand. The pianist became slightly excited, and with his free hand gesticulated violently o the monkey.

"Skippa tra loo! He gotta da mon!" he shouted above the tumultuous notes of his instrument. The "monk" refused to climb the wall. The son of Italy looked up despairingly at the bit of silver.

"Gitta da mova on; he droppa da mon pret' soona." The man waved his arm at the fourth-story scientist, and beckoned to him to throw down the coin.

The hint bore quick fruit. A silvery gleam flashed from the window to the asphalte, and a musical ring followed that not even the notes of "After the Ball" could drown. "Zip! Biff! Datta granda! O. K., ver' gooda! Skippa tra loo! Getta da mon! I go'neata da din', drinka da beer, feeda da monk. Datta ver' nice man upa da skyahigh. The "monk" waddled into the street to pick up the "bob," and returned to his master. The pianist lifted his hat to the donor, and said: "God blessa da rich, da poor taka cara daselves." He then held out his hand for the coin, but the "monk" swallowed it. The enraged Italian grasped the "monk" by the throat, shouting, "Giva da mon! Giva da mon," but to no avail; the "monk" could not give up. "Me cutta open da bella," shouted the man, and keeping a tight grip on his charge, he went to a passage way close by, where he beat the "monk" as near dead as could be.

"I must get a new hat."

"You wore the other out talking through it, I suppose."

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

John L. Sullivan claimed that whisky knocked him out when he fought Corbett. Mitchell, however, admits that it was a good stiff Irish punch that wound up his prize ring career.

* * *

Irate Stage Manager: "What in thunder do you mean by making the snow out of brown paper?"

Assistant: "Dis scene's in Chicago, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, dat's de colour of de snow in dat man's town. I seen it meself."

* * *

"The little mermaids and merboys never have any snow under the ocean, do they, mamma?" said Jacky.

"No, dear."

"I suppose instead of snowball fights they have fishball fights, eh?" said Jacky.

* * *

Miss Backbay: "What a solemn thing it is for two people to wed; to cleave to one another till death them do part."

Mrs. Jackson-Park: "Isn't it though? I'm mighty glad that folks don't have to marry on any such cast-iron conditions nowadays."

* * *

Cholly: "What did you do when May accepted you?"

Chappie: "I blew a kiss at her!"

* * *

Gotrox: "You can't work any dynamite fakes here. There isn't any use for you to try it."

Dismal Dawson: "Dis ain't no dynamite. Dis is a accordion; an' if you don't give up a 'tanner,' I'll play 'Two Little Girls in Blue' right here. See?"

* * *

Cora: "How is it that when a man writes one famous story he very seldom writes another?"

Merritt: "Because he devotes the rest of his life to telling us how he came to write it."

* * *

Chappie: What makes you so fond of the girls?"

Cholly: "Most of the men I know are so awfully wough, don't you know."

* * *

Groom (on tour, suddenly): "Darling, I haven't your heart."

Bride (languidly): "That's what comes of leaving in such a dreadful hurry."

* * *

Juno: "Jupiter, you come home drunk every Saturday night, now."

Jupiter: "Well, you can thank your stars you didn't marry my brother, Neptune. He gets a tide on twice every day, year in and year out."

* * *

Waring: "Does your wife tell you everything?"

Barfoot: "Well—er—she tries to."

* * *

She: "Before you married me you used to call me an angel."

He: "And now I wish you were one. Isn't that just as well?"

* * *

Shalleigh: "I hear Booby's wife was once a servant."

Shilleigh: "I shouldn't wonder. She's dreadfully haughty."

* * *

Mrs. Highfly: "I told Mr. Highfly I was awfully lonely last evening."

Mrs. Doberry: "Of course he stayed at home with you."

Mrs. Highfly: "Oh, no, like the dear, good man that he is, he went away to the club."

* * *

Hicks: "For the last two years we have been living beyond our station."

Mrs. Hicks: "To what extent, dear?"

Hicks: "Two long blocks and three short ones."

* * *

A girl may be almost pardoned for throwing herself at a man if he is a good catch.

* * *

"Say, mister," said a boy who had just overtaken a market waggon after pursuing it for four or five blocks, "do you wanter know who hit you in the neck with that hard snowball?"

"You bet I do," replied the man, slackening speed.

"Will ye gimme a bob ef I ketch him and bring him here?"

"Yep."

"Gimme two bob?"

"Yes," said driver, lifting his whip from the socket; "but I won't give you any more'n that."

"Well, git the money ready."

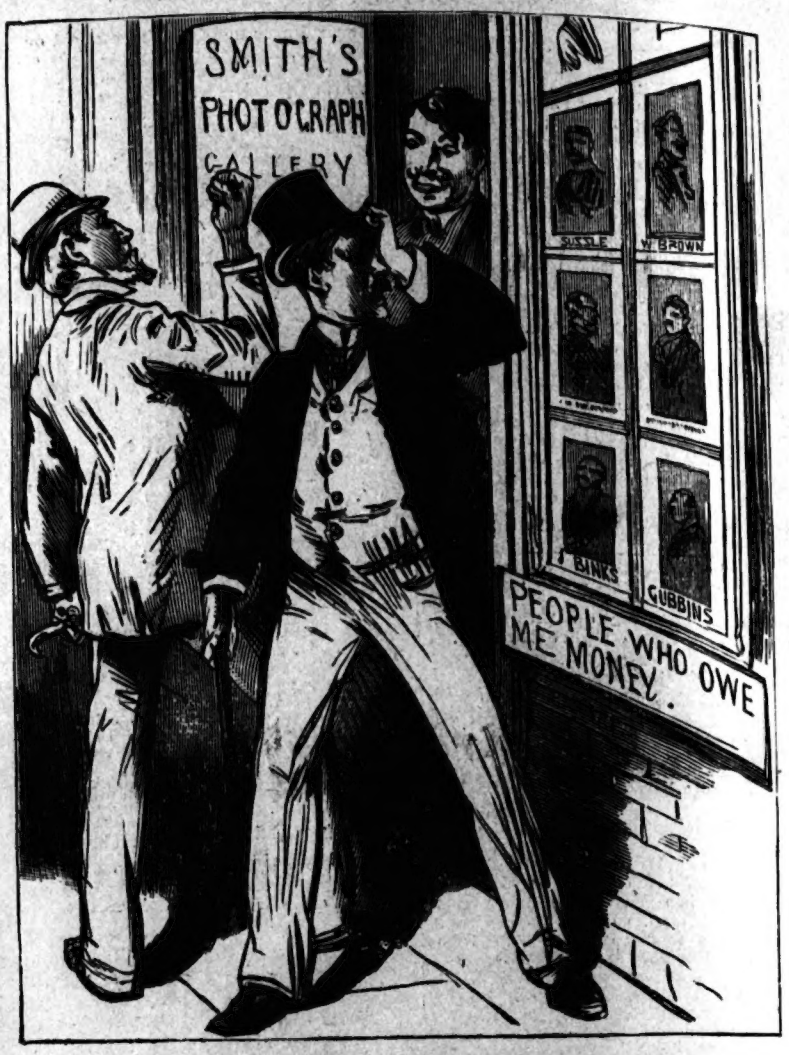
"You haven't got the boy that threw the snowball yet."

"Yes, I have. That boy is me. Dad's sick, and me and mother can't git work. The twins is too little ter earn anything, an' if I don't hustle there won't be any food at our house. I'll take a lickin' any day fur two bob."

"Lad," said the market man, in a voice that was remarkably husky, "here's yer two bob. I'm in a hurry now—you needn't bother about deliverin' the goods. We'll call it square."

HE HAD TO GIVE UP.

Clever Device to Extort Money from a Licentious Man.



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How Performers Amused Themselves at the Expense of a "Stagey" Old Maid.

FOUND AT LAST.

Delays in Effecting an Entrance to Homes on Lodge Nights Obviated.

JUMPED OUT OF A WINDOW.

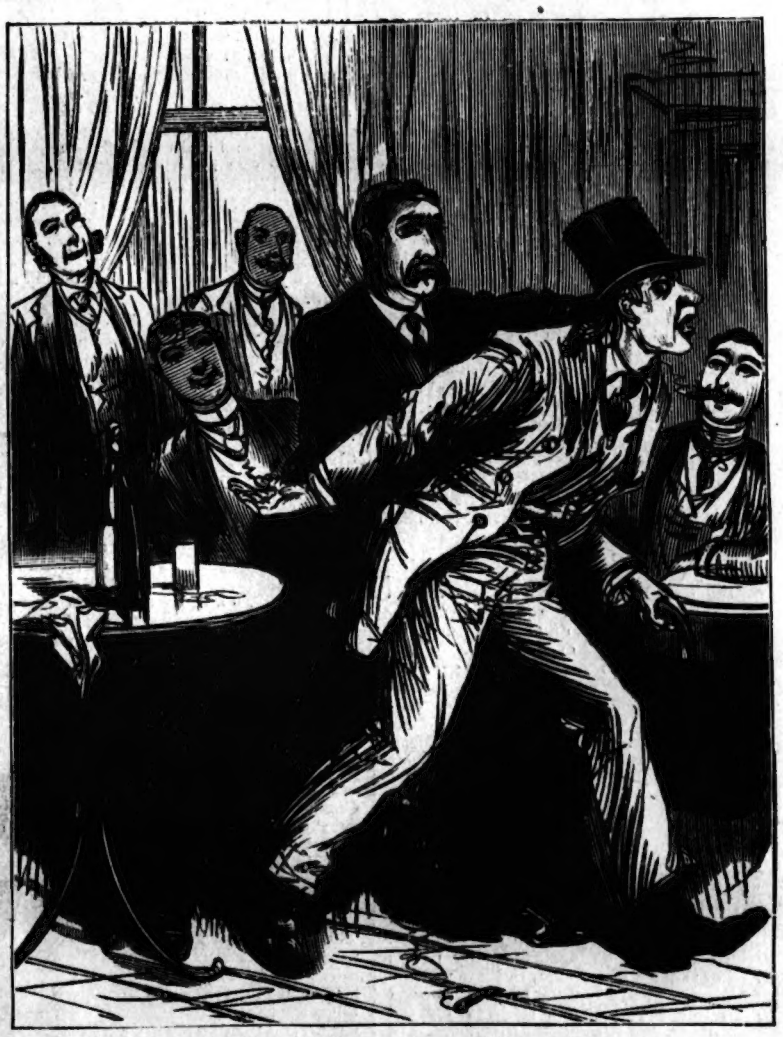
A Fashionable Lady Seeks Death at Hotel Brabant, Paris.

DRANK WINE FROM A SLIPPER.

He Receives a Thrashing from an Enraged Husband for a Display of Admiration.

HE CHOKED THE MONK.

It failed, however, to bring forth the "Bob."



SEIZED BY HIS GUESTS.

An Episode at the New Mandoline Club.

HONEST SPORTS.

Harding a Champion.

Bubear not in the Hunt.

A Chance for Face Scrapers.

Who is the Champion?

Airey's win at Manchester.

Pigeon Killing in France.

(With Portrait.)

NOTWITHSTANDING the drizzling rain and thick mist which prevailed on February 5, a large crowd assembled along the banks of the Thames to witness the sculling match between George Bubear and Charles R. ("Wag") Harding, who were to row from Putney Bridge to Mortlake, the full championship course, for £100 a-side. Both scullers were in good condition. There was very little wind and a very fair tide running when the men went to the starting skiffs, the accompanying steamboats being fairly well patronised. There was some wagering at 7 to 4 on Bubear prior to to the start, which was effected by mutual consent at twenty minutes to two. They dipped together, but from the very first stroke Harding forced his boat in front. Rowing 34 per minute to the 31 of Bubear, drew away, and was clear of his opponent off Alexander's boathouse. Increasing his advantage without any difficulty Harding reached the mile-post in 5min 28sec from the start, and went under Hammersmith Bridge with a lead of eight lengths. The race was merely a procession after that, Harding paddling on in front and finishing 20 lengths to the good in 23min 52sec. The winner was piloted by T. Green and the loser by C. Gibson. Mr. W. E. Fuller was referee. Harding was born at Chelsea on May 30, 1868, stands 5ft 5¼in, and weighed the day of the race 9st 5lb. Won Chelsea Coat and Badge on September 8, 1883, beating in final heat Priest, Meredith, and Eager. Won Putney Coat and Badge, September 26, 1884. Won T.R.C. sculling handicap from scratch; with H. Thomas, won Pairs at Battersea Regatta; won handicap, promoted by Mr. W. Winch, of White Hart, Barnes. His first real important race was winning Doggett's Coat and Badge in 1889, when he gave sure signs of developing into a good sculler sooner or later. In 1890, won Limited Sculls £50 in National Regatta, and finished third in final heat of Fours, with H. Clasper, T. Green, and J. Carter. Beat Jacob Tyrrell from Putney to Mortlake for £25 a-side, and was beaten by Dubber Follett for £40 aside, Putney to Mortlake, in the same year. Won G and Fours in the Surrey United R. C., and was beaten by John Corcoran by half a length in the Surrey United R. C. Challenge Cup. Then, in 1891, Harding won the Open Sculls at the National Regatta, beating in the final W. G. East, J. Corcoran, and Dubber Follett, equalling the record between bridges. He was third for the Champion Fours with T. Gibson, J. Gibson, and G. Gibson. Beat G. Norvell on the Tyne for £50 a-side. Won the *Lock-to-Lock Times* double-sculling prize with H. Nicholls. In 1892, rowed second to Bubear for the National Regatta Open Sculls, and second in the Champion Fours with Wingate, Barry, and Nicholls, after a fine race. Won the Searle Memorial Challenge Cup Handicap with 5sec from Bubear on March 25, 1893, beating in the final Sam Emmett, 18sec; S. Wingate, 8sec; and rowed second in Champion Fours, with East, Emmett, and Corcoran. In the Open Sculls, Bubear and Harding repeatedly fouled, and the last-named declined to start on the following day. Harding trained Sullivan for his race with Bubear, and at about this time won an oak skiff, presented by the *Sun* paper, beating W. A. Barry, W. Pearce, and "Doggett" Cobb in the final heat. Harding has rowed in three handicaps on the Tyne, and in numerous handicaps and club races on the Thames with varied success. The Chelsea lad has been the means of saving several lives from drowning, and has done well as a trainer, having superintended the Waterford R.C., Ireland, and also trained the members of the Neptune R.C., Budapest, Hungary, in 1892 and '93.

* * *

WITH a view to settling who is the best "face scraper" in the kingdom, the proprietors of THE MIRROR OF LIFE are prepared to offer a handsome gold medal, valued at ten guineas, for a Shaving Competition, open to the four best men in Great Britain. The trophy will be emblematic of the championship of the world. The contest to be decided in any public hall or theatre in London, in March. The conditions of the match to be that each man select twenty-five subjects for the first night, and the shaving to be continued through every third night until each man has performed on the 100 men selected. It would necessitate four nights' contest of twenty-five men each per night, and each man will be placed on equal footing, so as to enable the men to decide who is the fastest and cleanest shaver.

The gate receipts to be divided as the competitors may mutually agree. This offer is made in hopes of bringing together James Rymer and William Lloyd.

Four judges to be selected by the men, and those officials to mutually choose a referee. The five officials so chosen to be practical hair-dressers; the decision of the referee to be final.

Those desiring to compete can send their names and addresses to THE MIRROR OF LIFE, 108, Fleet Street, E.C., and when four have entered a day will be appointed for a meeting, when articles can be signed and the men mutually choose a committee of one or more to procure a suitable hall or make satisfactory arrangement as to the place where the contest shall occur.

The expense of the contest shall be borne by the contestants, who shall receive the entire proceeds which may accrue from admission receipts.

* * *

THE Manchester Pedestrian Company's Shrovetide foot handicap of 130 yards, for £115 in prizes, was decided at the Manchester Racecourse, February 5. Seven runners were left in for the final heat, and when they stepped on their respective marks the betting showed Airey, of Salford, to be the favourite. A splendid race was the result, and the Salford man gained the verdict, but in the opinion of many good judges Haggerty was said to have won, though the referee placed the Stalybridge man third, whilst the Yankee, Doyle, was awarded seconded money. The decision was not well received by the public, and it was certainly hard lines for Haggerty, who had been pretty well backed. The winner was born at Oldham, is 26 years of age, stands 5ft 8½in, weighs 11st 6lb, and was trained by "Uncle" Billy Jones, of Sheffield, at Southport. This was Airey's first win as a professional, though he has been in the ranks of the latter for some time past. As an amateur he was fairly successful, and about four years ago was greatly fancied for the Hoath Hall Plate at the Blackley Sports. A summary of the final heat follows:—

S. Airey, Salford, 16½ yards start (£100)	1
J. Doyle, America, 8½ (£10)	2
J. Haggerty, Stalybridge, 16½ (£5)	3
P. Fenaughty, Rotherham, 18	4
W. Hall, Bradford, 13½	5
S. Farrell, America, 9½	6
J. Green, West Houghton, 15½	0

Betting: 6 to 4 agst Airey, 2 to 1 agst Haggerty, 4 to 1 agst Fenaughty, and 10 to 1 each agst Green and Doyle. Fenaughty cut out the work to within forty yards from home, when Haggerty took up the running, and looked all over a winner. Airey and Doyle, however, came with a rush, and the Salford man received the verdict by inches from the American, who was placed second. Time, 12½sec. 220 yards handicap for £6 10s. in prizes.—Final heat: F. Chadwick, Ashton, 19yds, first; W. Marshall, Sheffield, 20yds, second; R. Seel, Salford, 10yds, third. Betting: 5 to 2 on Chadwick, and 4 to 1 against Marshall. Won by a yard, same distance between second and third. 300 yards handicap for £20 in prizes—final heat: E. Holden, Halliwell, 10yds, first; G. Bracegirde, Salford, 39yds, second; C. Turner, Salford, 34yds, third. Betting: Evens on Howard, 2 to 1 agst Turner, 4 to 1 agst Bracegirde, and 6 to 1 agst others. Won by two yards; a yard between second and third.

* * *

IN the International pigeon shoot at Monte Carlo, February 3, the event decided was the Prix de Monte Carlo (Handicap), an objet d'art and 3,000fr, added to a sweepstakes of £4 each; the second to receive 750fr from the prize, and 25 per cent. of the entries; the third 500fr and 20 per cent.; and the fourth 250fr and 25 per cent.; one pigeon each. Baron Montchoisy won, killing eleven birds out of the twelve shot at, gaining the first prize, which amounted to 4,335fr; Comte L. Gajoli and Signor N. Ghido tied for the second and third prizes, and divided 4,895 fr. On Feb. 6 a team match was shot off. The conditions were 30 pigeons at 28 metres for each competitor, the amount of the sweepstakes being 200 francs each. The competitors were: France, MM. Journu and Paul Gervais; Italy, Count Emanuel Gajoli and Count Luke Gajoli; Great Britain, Messrs. Roberts and Blake; Belgium, Baron de Dorlodot and Marquis de Chasteler; Austria-Hungary, Herr d'Ovari and Count von Trauttmansdorff; Germany, Count Voss and Baron de Falkenhausen. In the result Italy took the first prize, with only five misses in 60 shots; Great Britain was second, with 50 birds; Austro-Hungary third, with 48; Germany fourth, with 46; France fifth, with 43; and Belgium last, with 41 kills out of 60 shots. The prize for the best individual score was won by Count Luke Gajoli, who only missed twice in his 30 shots, killing 25 birds consecutively. On the following day the second series of contests were begun with a competition for the Prix du Dantes. Fifty-six took part, only eight being left in at the fifteenth round. M. Paccard, who had not a single miss in 27 shots, took the first prize (2,260fr), the second (840fr) going to M. Doyen with 26 birds in 27 shots, and the third (560fr) to Count Emanuel Gajoli, with 20 out of 21.

The Prix Goethe, for a sum of 1,000 francs and a sweepstake of 50 francs each, was shot off February 9. M. Galfon secured the first prize of 2,170 francs, having grassed 16 birds in 16 shots. Count Zichy won the next of 780 francs, missing one in 16 shots, and Count Gajoli obtained the third prize of 520 francs, killing 10 birds in 11 shots.

* * *

TOM SULLIVAN, champion sculler of England and New Zealand, has taken possession of the Rutland Arms, Hammersmith. He had a "house-warming" on February 7.

* * *

THE Blackheath Harriers' ten mile sealed handicap was decided from the Green Man Feb. 3, H. J. W. Whitefield, with 2m 30s, securing first prize. The result follows:—

Order finish	Start.	Net time	H'cap time.	Pos. in H'cap.
Scr. Race.	M. S.	M. S.	M. S.	
1. .... G. M. Harris scr.	..	66 25	.. 66.25	.. 3.
2. .... F. Stephens	2 20 ..	68 19	.. 65.59	.. 2.
3. .... H. J. W. Whitefield	2 30 ..	63 22	.. 65 52	.. 1

* * *

IT transpires that "Choppy" Warburton was not killed in the accident he met with at Paris, but has recovered sufficiently to be about again.

* * *

A. FARINGDON, of Acton, defeated J. Bates, of Turnham Green, in a mile walk at the Star Grounds, Battersea, Feb. 5, for £6 a-side. The race was closely contested, Faringdon crossing the score only a foot in advance of Bates.

* * *

JOHN SELBY, many years one of the most prominent professionals in the Notts county eleven, lies dangerously ill at the Nottingham General Hospital, having recently been seized with a paralytic stroke, brought about, it is thought, as the result of continued mental excitement.

Arthur Shrewsbury is also seriously ill, suffering from bronchitis.

* * *

MR. CHARLES HANNAM, who was badly beaten by Mr. Hardy in a pigeon-shooting match the other day at Monte Carlo, has had another match against the same gentleman for £1,000 a-side. This time Mr. Hannam won by six birds. A third contest has been arranged to take place in England.

* * *

WALLACE ROSS, the American oarsman, has returned to England. He states that Jake Gaudaur, American Champion, is prepared to row Tom Sullivan a sculling race for £500 a-side, give or take expenses to row in America or over the Thames.

* * *

"WAG" HARDING challenges James Stansbury, the Australian, to row him over the Thames Championship Course for £500 a-side and the Championship.

* * *

No fewer than twenty clubs have entered for the twelfth annual Northern Cross-country Championship, to be held on February 17, over Manchester Racecourse. There will be over 170 runners, the names of the clubs entered are as follows:—Salford Harriers (winners 1887-8, 1890-1-2-3); Liverpool Sefton Harriers (second 1893); Bradford Trinity Harriers (third 1893); Sheffield Y.M.C.A. Harriers; Leeds Athletic Club Harriers; Liverpool Harriers; Warrington Orford Harriers; West Cheshire Harriers; Stockport Harriers; Crewe Harriers; North Lonsdale Harriers; Bolton Harriers; Nelson Harriers; Broughton Harriers; Bolton Gymnasium; Sale Harriers; Cheetham Harriers; Oldham Harriers; Wirral Hare and Hounds; and Liverpool Pembroke Harriers. The officials elected are:—Referee: Dr. Roby (Salford). Judges: Major Williams (North Lonsdale), Dr. Murphy (Bolton), J. Lockwood (Cheshire), J. C. Clegg (Sheffield), J. H. Hardwick (Salford), R. R. Ellis (Liverpool), W. F. Sellers (Leeds), R. Parker (Bradford), J. E. Knott and J. Neal (Ashton).

* * *

IN furtherance of their campaign against the publication of betting news and sporting tips the National Anti-Gambling League have prepared a rough draft of a bill which, but for the congested state of Parliamentary business, would have been introduced into the House of Commons this session. The particular clause aimed at newspapers runs as follows:

"If anyone publishes or causes or permits to be published in any newspaper, book, pamphlet, or other publication any tip, betting odds, or other information or advice as to betting or wagering upon any contingency whatever he shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be liable, if convicted on indictment, to imprisonment with or without hard labour for a term not exceeding three months, or to a fine not exceeding £100, or to both imprisonment and fine, and if convicted on summary conviction to imprisonment with or without hard labour for a term not exceeding one month, or to a fine not exceeding £20, or to both imprisonment and fine."

* * *

LORD SHEFFIELD having definitely decided not to take out a team of cricketers to Australia at the end of the ensuing English season, the Melbourne and Sydney Cricket Associations communicated by cable with the well-known Middlesex cricketer, Mr. A. E. Stoddart, as to whether he would undertake to get a strong team to visit the colony, and that gentleman has accepted the task. Several prominent amateurs have already signified their wish to take part in the tour, but it is said that W. G. Grace, Gunn, and Shrewsbury will not be included in the team.

* * *

THE Norwegian championship races were held at Hamar, February 4, with the following results:—1,500 metres: Halvorsen, 1; Norsing, 2. 500 metres: Neas, 1; Halvorsen, 2. 5,000 metres: Halvorsen, 1; Petersen, 2.

* * *

THE second of the matches arranged between the Felixstowe Football Club and a picked team selected from the various football clubs in Holland, was played at Rotterdam, February 6. After a well-contested game the Englishmen were victorious by one goal to nil.

* * *

IN the Westminster County Court, February 6, the case of Dawson and Yardley was before his honour, Judge Lumley Smith, on a judgment summons applying for the committal of the defendant for non-payment of a debt of £55 in respect of meat supplied. It was stated that he was in a good position to pay the debt, and was engaged in the pastime of pigeon-shooting at Monte-Carlo. He was the author of a play known as "Wedding Eve," and had distinguished himself as a cricketer in the Cambridge University team. The debt was for a meat bill, and the defendant was a member of the Beefsteak Club. The Judge: "Was this meat supplied to the Beefsteak Club?" The Solicitor: "No, for his private consumption." The debtor did not appear, and his honour made an order for his committal to Holloway for twenty days, suspending it for three months.

* * *

MILO, "the Italian Hercules," has been added to the list of performers now appearing at the Royal Theatre of Varieties in Holborn. He recently gave a private exhibition of his strength to a large gathering of professional and other visitors, who had accepted the invitation of the proprietors Messrs. Ellis and Brill. Though but twenty-four years of age, Milo proved himself a master of the art of which he is a demonstrator. Chained shot and dumb bells ranging from 80lb to 250lb each were manipulated by him with a dexterity and apparent ease which would have been remarkable had they drawn the beam at a quarter that weight, his teeth being apparently as impervious to strain as his iron-like muscles. Finally, from an elevated platform Milo raised upon his shoulders straps bearing a second platform upon which stood two full-grown cavalry horses and two heavily-accoutred Life Guardsmen.

* * *

THE London Athletic Club held its annual meeting February 8, Mr. J. B. Martin being in the chair. Although the financial statement showed a slight deficit on the past year, the report was in other respects highly satisfactory, gate receipts being in excess of those of recent years; whilst 60 new members had been elected, bringing the total membership up to 464. The election of officers resulted in Messrs. J. B. Martin and S. K. Holman being unanimously re-elected as president and hon. sec. respectively, whilst of the 30 committeemen, R. S. Dwyer and J. D. Sadler resigned, and Messrs. H. A. Munro and A. Ovenden were elected in their place.

* * *

SELIG WHITMAN, who travelled as a strong man under the stage name of Ajax, has been appointed on the New York police force. He told the commissioners he had shoved a freight car weighing 27,000lb a distance of 50ft, but he didn't say whether it was on the down grade or not.

* * *

THE New York Athletic Club has decided to appropriate 25,000dols. for athletic purposes during the coming season.

* * *

MAJOR-GEN. F. W. C. ORD, of Beverley Lodge, Colchester, died February 7, while hunting with the Essex and Suffolk foxhounds. The General, who was over 70 years of age, was heard to remark that the pace was too much for him, but apparently he did not pull up. However, suddenly throwing up his arms, he slipped from his horse, and was found to be dead. Death is believed to be due to heart disease, from which Gen. Ord is known to have suffered.

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TOM SULLIVAN (champion sculler of England and New Zealand) and C. R. Harding (champion light-weight sculler of the world) are prepared to double scull any other two in the world on the Thames Championship Course, Putney to Mortlake, within a reasonable period, for £200 up to £500 a-side.

* * *

F. S. HORAN, the C.U.A.C. hon. sec., accomplished several fine performances at the Cambridge Sports, February 3. He reeled off the Quarter-Mile in 51½sec, he won the Half-Mile by 30 yards in 1min 58sec, he romped away with the Mile in 4min 38sec, and then easily secured the Two Miles in 10min 1½sec. The Half-Mile is the fastest ever run at Cambridge.

SEEN AND HEARD.

A young married lady in Russia, in the hope of preventing her hair falling off, washed it in petroleum. While waiting for it to dry, and being annoyed by the smell, she lit a cigarette. In an instant she was enveloped in flames, which could not be extinguished.

* * *

"The three-card trick is not a fair trick," said Mr. Justice Kennedy. To which Tom Shaw, 45, painter, Fetter Lane, replied: "There's two in your favour." All the same, Tom Shaw is fined 10s. for introducing the trick at Westcombe Hill, Blackheath.

* * *

Patrick Harding Moore, summoned in connection with an Excise prosecution of the New Waterloo Club, Pall Mall, was fined on Feb. 8 £14 by the Marlborough Street magistrate.

* * *

Frederick Smith, 22, cheesemonger, of 2 and 4, Brett Road, Hackney, was remanded at North London charged with criminal assault on his sister-in-law, Agnes Gibbons, aged 13 years, in a van in the Leytonstone Road. The girl, who is in a critical condition, made a statement implicating the prisoner, but he said it was false.

* * *

The four men—Charles Law, Phillip Castang, William West, and Robert Reuben, ex-members of the Albion Club, Albion Road, Dalston—surrendered to their bail February 8 to further answer the charge of violently assaulting Charles Hill, one of the committeemen.

Mr. C. V. Young prosecuted; Mr. D. A. Romain defended. After hearing the evidence Mr. Dickinson said Law would be fined 40s. or 14 days' hard labour, and Castang £5 or 21 days' hard labour. For the other two men not the slightest palliation existed; they would each have to go to gaol for 21 days with hard labour.

* * *

At Oxford, recently, Edward Green, 52, an Oxford shoemaker, was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour and ten years' penal servitude for criminally assaulting his two daughters, aged thirteen and fifteen respectively. The Lord Chief Justice said the offence was the very worst it had ever been his lot in the course of a long judicial career to meet with.

* * *

At the Colne Police Court the other day, Thomas Barley, moulder, Colne, ignorant of the shock he would inflict on the judicial mind of the administrative Bench, appeared before their worships fresh from the moulding shop. He turned up "as black as a nigger," and gave one the impression that he had just been sweeping his dwelling-house chimney, which, as a matter of fact, he was summoned for having on fire. However, he had to listen to an indignant flow of language from the chairman's lips, and, instead of only being ordered to pay the costs, got 5s. put on the top of it for not washing his face.

* * *

The *Times of Argentina* has published a special edition containing an interview with Jabez Balfour in his prison at Salta. In the course of his remarks, Balfour promises certain revelations as to the history of various London companies, incriminating men whose names are well known. On the publication of these details public opinion will, in his opinion, turn in his favour. Concerning his present position he says he has sufficient faith in Argentine justice and in the absence of a retroactive clause in the treaty to prevent his extradition. With a considerable touch of cynicism he mentions that he has begun detailed work about Salta to attract English immigration. Also, he complains most bitterly of the conduct of the British Consul in violating, as he avers, private letters.

* * *

In the crush on the platform at Blackheath railway station, after the football match, England *v.* Ireland, Mr. Charles Anthony Benn, barrister, Halford Road, Richmond, lost a gold watch, value 80gs. Two men, named Joseph Green, 45, Cable Street, St. George's, and Wm. Cobbett, 22, Foster Street, Mile End, are remanded on a charge of stealing it.

In a letter to the *Times* Lewis and Lewis mention that Mr. Labouchere, as proprietor of *Truth*, has paid upwards of £30,000 for law costs in defending himself against actions brought against him as a journalist writing in the public interest, in nearly all of which actions he was successful.

* * *

In Pittsburg recently quite a procession of characters from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" passed through one of the law courts. The leading actor was George Harris, charged with larcene; and among the witnesses were an aged negro called "Uncle Tom," a Mrs. Shelby, and another person who carried a baby named Eva.

* * *

In Southampton police-court a woman named Fitzjohn, on being sentenced to two months' improvement for breaking public-house windows, sprang from the dock and savagely attacked the prosecutor. The witness-box was overturned in the struggle. Three officers had difficulty in keeping the prisoner under restraint. When she was sentenced to a further month she uttered threats and swore at the magistrates.

* * *

A verdict of "Wilful Murder" was returned by a coroner's jury at Birmingham against Frederick William Fenton for killing a barmaid named Florence Nightingale Elborough at the Plough and Harrow Inn, Hampton Street, on December 12 last. Fenton was engaged to Miss Elborough, and had promised to take her some money to purchase things for the wedding. She reproached him with breach of faith in not bringing the money, and some words passed between them, when Fenton drew a revolver from his pocket, and, after firing several shots at her, discharged one barrel at his own mouth. He was committed for trial at the assizes.

* * *

At Antopol, in the Government of Minsk, West Russia, all the members of a rich Jewish family, named Melanowitch, together with their servants, making thirteen persons in all, were found in a dying condition in their house, and all expired within a quarter of an hour afterwards from poisoning. It was subsequently shown that the poison had been mixed with their food, and no doubt is entertained that a terrible crime has been committed. On the news becoming known the whole town was thrown into a state of great excitement. Several persons have been arrested on suspicion.

* * *

The Cork County Club "card scandal" continues to become interesting. Some two or three weeks ago Mr. Pike, the gentleman who alleges he was defamed, caused a writ to be issued against Captain Pigott Beamish for slander and libel. Mr. Pike has evidently resolved to go a stop further, for a few days ago he caused a writ out of the Queen's Bench Division to be issued against another member of the club, Mr. Richard W. Cooper, whose name had already been mentioned in connection with the matter. Irish "society" is considerably perturbed over the forthcoming suits.

* * *

A few days ago the noted Socialist, Francesco Merlino, an advocate, who has been sought by the Italian police for many years, having fled to London on being condemned to four years' imprisonment, was arrested at Naples in the Villa Comunale. In London he had been a newspaper correspondent. The Italian Government had lately promised a reward of 500 francs to whomsoever should arrest him, and a few days ago the Home Minister was informed that Merlino had just crossed the frontier and was at Naples. Spies soon found out that he was going to walk in the Villa, and eight detectives were sent to catch him.

* * *

As a young lady, named Miller, was entering Brunswick Wesleyan Chapel, Birkenhead, February 5, to be married, her brother Frederick, aged 20, son of a spirit merchant's manager at Birkenhead, fired at her with a revolver, but the shot missed. He then shot himself, the bullet entering the breast, just under the heart. He was taken to the hospital, where he remains in a critical condition. The wedding party though much excited and upset, entered the chapel, and the marriage was proceeded with.

* * *

The luxuriant beard of the Rev. Dr. G. F. E. Howard, the international swindler, has caused discord in the prison management at Columbus, U.S.A. He was brought there recently to serve nine years. The rules of the prison require prisoners to have their hair clipped and their faces smooth shaven, but the prison physician, Dr. Ireton, declared that this must not be done with Howard, as the prisoner was suffering severely from laryngitis, which would be greatly aggravated by the removal of his beard. Deputy Warden Stockhouse insisted that the prisoner was a dangerous man and might escape, and that he should be made to look like a prisoner. Warden James decided to permit the prisoner to retain his beard temporarily.

William Jones is the tax collector of Union county, Georgia, U.S.A., an office which he has held for several years. Lately he received notification from Comptroller-General Wright, ordering him to close up his belated returns, and have them in by Jan. 29. On the previous Thursday night a pedlar called at the residence of the tax collector in Cooper's Creek and asked for a night's lodging. He was taken in. The tax collector told him that he was glad that he came, as he himself had to start out at once for Atlanta. About two hours after Jones's disappearance a ragged-looking negro made his way into the house, and, covering the pedlar with two revolvers, ordered him to give up his goods. This he did readily. The robber then turned on Mrs. Jones and ordered her to bring out the tax money and deliver it to him.

While he was receiving the money the pedlar was watching his chance, and shot the robber dead. The next day it was discovered that the dead body was that of tax collector Jones, who had adopted this scheme of keeping the county's money.

* * *

At Hertford Assizes, Mr. Justice Cave sentenced Charles Parsons, 24, an ex-postman, to seven years' penal servitude for stabbing his sweetheart, Jessie Vyse, at Elstree. A doctor stated that if the wound in the girl's breast had been slightly higher she would have bled to death in a few minutes.

* * *

A desperate fight is reported from Allegheny Mountain, Virginia, where the authorities surprised a number of illicit whisky distillers. Two of the United States marshals were shot dead and two of the distillers were also killed. The remainder of the band were arrested.

* * *

Mrs. Poole brought an action February 8 in the Queen's Bench to recover damages from a jobbing builder named Stanley for the alleged seduction of her daughter. It appeared that Mrs. Poole kept a lodging house in the City Road, and the defendant began to pay attentions to the daughter than nineteen years of age. In 1891 he was in the habit of taking her to music-halls and other places of amusement, and it was alleged, on the part of the plaintiff, that an engagement was made between the girl and the defendant, he having assured them that he was unmarried. The jury awarded damages of £75.

* * *

On February 8, at London, Mr. Justice Barnes began the trial of a petition by Arthur Earl Hunt, of Manchester, for a divorce on the ground of his wife's alleged adultery with George James Barker Cooper, now undergoing ten years' penal servitude for manslaughter of his wife in the Isle of Man. Mr. Inderwick said in 1885, as Mrs. Hunt was leaving home, she said, "Good-bye, Arthur; give me a kiss." She never returned. Subsequently petitioner called on Cooper, and an assault was committed. Nothing further happened beyond a letter from his wife throwing him off the scent and telling him that she had nothing to do with Cooper until September, 1892, when Cooper's first wife divorced him.

The jury found for the petitioner, with £800 damages against the co-respondent.

* * *

John David Davis, 31, carpenter, was found guilty of maliciously wounding his wife. The parties lived at Red Lion Court, Holborn, and on the night of January 20, the prisoner returned home the worse for drink, and savagely attacked his wife with a chopper, inflicting serious injuries. It was proved that prisoner had been living on the earnings of his wife, and at the same time ill-using her, having been several times charged at the police court with assaulting her.—The Common Serjeant, Sir Forest Fulton, Q.C., sentenced the prisoner to seven years' penal servitude.

* * *

Lord Dunraven doesn't intend to "go slow" with his yachting. He has definitely decided to go over to the States in the spring and race with the American cracks. He will return in time for the Royal Yacht Squadron regatta, and have another try to pull off the Queen's Cup.

* * *

Whilst riding at exercise at Portslade February 9, W. Nye, the well-known steeplechase jockey, sustained a fall, in which he smashed his left hand. The accident will necessitate the loss of the small finger.

* * *

At Manchester, February 9, a series of charges were entered against Alderman Chesters Thompson, who was until lately the managing director of the Chester Brewery Company. Summonses have been issued on 13 informations laid by the secretary of that company. The defendant is charged under the statute relating to offences by directors of companies, with misappropriation of moneys, and with fraudulent application of the money of the company. The various summonses refer to sums amounting to close on £10,000. Immediately on the case having been opened, the defending counsel applied for a lengthy adjournment, and evidence was given that Mr. Thompson was severely ill. Ultimately the case was adjourned for four weeks.

* * *

Two postmen belonging to Vere Street branch office met to fight out a quarrel in Regent's Park on February 7. They were John Dennis Collins, 18, of 39, Lydford road, St. Peter's Park, and Edwin Wm. Satter, 22, of 7, Carlow Street, Camden Town, and ill-feeling had existed between them over some orange-peel throwing while at work, Collins suspecting the other of throwing it. The fight lasted half an hour, and resulted fatally to Satter. Collins was arrested, charged with manslaughter, and remanded on bail.

* * *

The following appeared in the Liverpool *Echo*, February 7:—"Mrs. Jane Font, living at 50, Clifford Street, Bootle, was safely delivered of *four* children this morning. The father is a dock labourer employed by Messrs. Leyland. Mrs. Jones, midwife, and Dr. Beaver, of Marsh Lane, were in attendance, and the mother and quartet are doing wife."

DRANK WINE FROM A SLIPPER.

He Receives a Thrashing from an Enraged Husband for a Display of Admiration.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The theatrical profession in New York, U.S.A., are discussing the latest sensation of Bettina Girard, who plays the leading part in "Old Kentucky," says a correspondent.

The life of this Oriole beauty is one long, lingering romance of the crimson variety. Her latest is a suit for divorce from Harrison Wolfe Williams, who is with "Hands Across the Sea."

She and her hubby lived together just three days—after they were married—and then separated. Her complaint is a somewhat peculiar document, on account of its free-and-easy admissions and charges.

Miss Girard and her husband crossed over to Jersey City September 18 last and got married. Miss Girard admits that at the time of the marriage she had been living with the defendant. Before marriage everything had gone on smoothly, but afterwards it was quite a different matter.

From then until she brought suit the couple never met. October 26, a little more than five weeks after the marriage, Miss Girard swore to the complaint, basing her suit on the statutory grounds. Two weeks after the marriage she claims he was guilty of many indiscretions in Maryland. She also makes wholesale charges against him for acts alleged to have been committed between September 19 and the date when she swore to the complaint.

Betty is one of those society women, like Mrs. Brown Potter, who inherited a taint of Bohemianism, which led them to the stage. She is now about 30, and has been on the stage five years or so.

At 20, Betty Ordway, daughter of General Ordway, U.S.A., was one of the belles of Baltimore. She was not strictly handsome, but her vivacious manners and charming ways turned more heads of Oriole youths than handsomer women have ever done.

Soon after she married a good fellow by the name of Girard, who tried to give his wife all the pleasures he could. He has said since that it was work she needed, for the whirl of society turned her vain little head. She was as much admired after her marriage as before, and dozens of beaux were at her beck and call. She was the more fascinating to them, for her manner was less restrained, as an incident will show.

One winter she was at White Sulphur Spring, and her presence was a magnet to a dozen Baltimore men of leisure. One night she held a reception which became quite boisterous as the midnight approached. Champagne was freer than the sulphur mineral waters out of doors.

In a spirit of recklessness the fair wife accepted a challenge, and an admirer, who afterwards was thrashed by her husband, took off her little No. 1 satin slipper, filled it to the brim with sparkling fizz, and drank to her health.

Since then she has maintained her reputation, and has been divorced and married so many times that old-timers have lost all track of them.

SHE WAS BUSINESS.

There was no fuss and flummery about the wedding of an East End woman this week. She had a job washing floors at a city building, and on Wednesday morning appeared with her pails and mops as usual. Along in the forenoon she surprised the caretaker by announcing that she was going out for a few minutes to get married, and in just forty-five minutes she was back, the ceremony all over, the nuptial kiss duly attended to, and resumed her scrubbing. She probably appreciated the fact that sometimes it is easier to get husbands than employment.

FIGHT CAUSED BY A SIREN.

Pest Holes of London, the Resort of Viragoes and Fast Men.

RETREAT FOR TRAMPS.

A Publican's Method of Sheltering Tramps to His own Profit.

HE GOT ENOUGH COWBOY.

A New York Swell Finds There is no Place so Safe as Home.

JACK THE MEASURER.

In Search of Perfect Formed Women to Enter a Grand Shape Contest.

AROUND THE RING.

CORBETT AND JACKSON.

Liberal Inducements to Fight in England.

The "Mirror of Life" Prize.

Marquis of Queensberry Talks.

National Sporting Club Meeting.

A Busy Week for "Pugs."

Of the many belts offered for championship contests during the past ten years, few, if any, have become the property of any pugilist. In the States it is an easy matter to have offered a belt for the championship in any of the respective weight classes, but restrictions are generally placed upon the trophies, and pugilists invariably decline to entertain a proposal to fight for one. To obtain a belt a pugilist has either to hold it unchallenged for eighteen consecutive months, or else win three successive battles. After one or even two victories a winner, in order to gain temporary possession of the trophy, must deposit a sum far in excess of its value with the donor as a guarantee to defend the title against all comers. In prize-fighting such restrictions are unfair because it forces a champion to meet a man for a small stake and divide with the loser the purse which may be given by a club.

There is no question but that the winner of the Corbett-Jackson "mill" will be the undisputed champion of the world and well entitled to a trophy emblematic of the same. A belt to girdle the body is of no practical service to a pugilist, particularly after a champion retires from the ring; therefore a serviceable trophy would be more acceptable.

Corbett and Jackson both express a desire to do battle in our country, and now that two clubs—the Ormonde and National Sporting—guarantee liberal purses it is reasonable to suppose that the men will accept one of the offers held out. Should the men sign an agreement to fight in London, the proprietors of THE MIRROR OF LIFE will present to the winner a gold watch of the best make obtainable, and a gold chain and locket studded with diamonds, the whole outfit to represent the value of 200 guineas. It shall become the winner's personal property as champion heavy-weight pugilist of the world. The watch, chain, and locket will be placed in the hands of the referee the day set for the match to be presented to the winner directly after the fight has been decided.

A similar outfit will be given to the winner of a match between George Dixon and Billy Plimmer providing they accept a £500 purse to fight at the National Sporting Club. The watch in that match would represent the World's Championship at 8st 3lb. There is no trophy one can offer which would be of more practical use than a watch, chain, and locket, and the proprietors of THE MIRROR OF LIFE will be only too happy to be called upon to make good either or both the above propositions.

According to the agreement made by Corbett and Jackson, they must fight, if in the United States, north of the Mason and Dixon line. In the Southern States the prejudice against the blacks is so pronounced that the white people will not listen to one competing against a white man. In that section of the country the negro is not admitted to the theatres, or even in the first-class public-houses. When George Dixon and Jack Skelly fought in New Orleans an exception was made to the established custom, and coloured people were allowed to purchase tickets to one part of the hall set apart for them. It created so much talk, and so many objected to a repetition of such an offence, that the clubs of the South voted never to give a purse where a negro was to be one of the contestants. The Southern people regard it a crime for any white man to be seen in company with a black man, and he is immediately ostracized for so far overstepping the bounds of propriety. Under existing circumstances Corbett and Jackson must look to the English or Californian clubs for a purse. Jackson received word that a syndicate had been formed in Los Angeles, Cal., under the name of Santa Catalina Athletic Club, and had decided to offer 25,000dols. for the Corbett-Jackson battle. It was stated that this club figured on Catalina Island as the scene of the contest. This island lies twenty miles from the mainland. Corbett says:—"You can bet your last dollar I'm not worrying about where it is to take place. Let the other side do some hustling. The National Sporting Club, of London, offer a large purse for Jackson and myself to spar twenty rounds, but I am opposed to limited round matches. I want to go to a finish, and will not fight any other way."

When Corbett returns to Jacksonville to stand trial, on February 28, for alleged breach of the peace with Mitchell, he will devote that week to sparring with the Englishman at any place he may select. This shows how well these fighters have made up their differences.

PROMINENT citizens of Superior and Duluth are taking steps to secure the Corbett-Jackson fight. The purse can be raised without difficulty, and the fight can be held at a place where the State authorities cannot interfere. Opposite the two cities and connected with them by ferries is a strip of land called Minnesota Point. It is under Federal jurisdiction, and Federal authorities have never interfered in pugilistic affairs. Attorneys express the opinion that the State cannot stop a fight at this place.

* * *

THE Washington A. C. of Tacoma have offered 40,000dols for the Corbett-Jackson fight. Jackson has received a despatch from the club and is willing to fight there.

W. A. Brady, manager of Corbett says: "We don't know anything about this club; in fact, we never heard of it before. If, however, we learn that it is a *bona-fide* organisation, and there is no law against prize-fighting in the State of Washington, we will talk business. All we want is to have the matter on paper in black and white. Corbett has had enough of the law, and he will take no more chances."

Mitchell further said that he had made up his mind to remain in America for some time. He does not know what he will do, but is positive he will never fight again—that is to a finish.

The Law and Order League has resolved to make certain that the principals and the aiders and abettors in the Corbett-Mitchell prize fight will be prosecuted. Rev. W. U. Connelly, Jacksonville agent, says:—"In the matter of the prize fight, we hold that the injunction granted by Judge Call was an evasion of the prescribed statutes, and if the State authorities do not very soon bring the matter up for review in the Supreme Court, the League will do so. I have heard that the Governor has instructed the Attorney-General to follow this line of action."

"The International League has placed ample funds at the disposal of its local agents, and the suit will be pushed forward at the first sign of weakening on the part of the State.

"The League is determined that such an exhibition as took place in this city, Jan. 25, shall not be repeated in the country, if means can be found to prevent it. It was called a glove contest, but Mitchell was rendered entirely unconscious from the terrific force of the blow, and that it would end in this manner, in favour of one or the other fighter, was fully foreseen, as I understand that a finish fight means a fight until one of the men is unable to respond when time is called."

* * *

W. A. BRADY, manager of champion Corbett, and "Parson" Davies, manager of Jackson, are to meet in New York City, on or about February 15, and decide when and where Jackson and Corbett will fight, It has developed that an effort will be made to have the battle come off in Indiana, either at Roby or at Crown Point, but Governor Matthews declared that he will surely prevent the contest from taking place in Indiana, and incidentally remarked that he believed that Corbett would knock Jackson out.

* * *

JACKSON says; "Regarding my match with Corbett, I have nothing to say at all. Corbett is a very good man, probably one of the cleverest I have seen. He is strong. but I have met Mr. Corbett before, and he has met me; and there we stand. I am sure that we don't want to blackguard each other. He thinks he will best me, and I think he will not. I am modest in these things. Corbett is a great man; I am Peter Jackson."

There has been considerable talk and misunderstanding about matching Ed Smith to meet Peter Jackson. The latter declares that he will make no such arrangement, as has been circulated, to stop Smith in six rounds. He added that, during the heat of argument and when assailed by strangers, he said he would do so, meaning he did not consider Smith in his class. Jackson deems Smith a good man, but does not want to have any contest with him unless "Parson" Davies says so.

* * *

BOTH James J. Corbett and Peter Jackson mean business, and bar accident they will fight in June. When the match was made last summer in Chicago, U. S. A., the men posted 1,000 dollars each as a first deposit, and signed articles to fight next June for 10,000 dollars aside. William J. Davies was selected stakeholder, and on January 25 he received the second deposit of 2,000 dollars. The men are to mutually agree where the battle shall take place, and England being the place favoured by both, it is expected that they will accept the purse offered by Mr. John Fleming, and fight at the National Sporting Club.

* * *

THE *Sporting Times*, otherwise known as the *Pink 'Un*, says:—"THE MIRROR OF LIFE, a smart new illustrated paper, publishes an excellent coloured litho of the Corbett-Mitchell fight. The general illustrations are excellent and very 'fetching.'

* * *

THE fight between James J. Corbett and Charles Mitchell, at Jacksonville, Florida, was, indeed, a one-sided affair. During the three rounds fought, Corbett is credited with having led fifteen times, whilst Mitchell's leads were only six in number. Corbett landed thirteen blows to Mitchell's three, and of the thirteen blows which Corbett landed he scored four knockdowns. A summary follows :—

		Rounds 1	2	3
Blows struck	Corbett.....	4	5	4
	Mitchell.....	2	1	0
Leads made	Corbett.....	5	6	4
	Mitchell.....	3	1	0

Knockdowns made—Corbett, 4.

* * *

SPEAKING of the result of the fight, Bob Fitzsimmons, middle-weight champion of the world, says :—"The result was exactly what I expected, although I looked for a much longer contest. The Englishman is undoubtedly a clever fellow, but he is not and never was in Corbett's class. Corbett, in my opinion, could have defeated Sullivan just as easily as he beat Mitchell, but he only played with the big fellow, while he went at Mitchell like a tiger."

* * *

A NEW YORK correspondent says:—"It was with more than ordinary pleasure that Corbett whipped Mitchell. Usually prize-fighters knock one another out as a matter of business, having very little personal feeling beyond the desire to win dollars and glory. But Corbett, beside winning the purse money and the title of world's champion, avenged an insult that he suffered at the hands of Mitchell at Miner's Bowery Theatre on the night of March 21, 1892.

"Mitchell and Paddy Slavin, enraged at Corbett's success in making a match with John L. Sullivan, and suffering from the effects of sundry drinks imbibed at the Hoffman House, paid a visit to the theatre with the avowed intention of picking a quarrel with Corbett. They entered the bar room in time to find Corbett there in company with W. A. Brady and a party of friends. Jim was about to enter the stage door to give his boxing exhibition with Jim Daly, when he was hailed by the Englishman thusly:

"'You're a fighter, eh?'

"'Yes,' was the reply, 'and I am also a gentleman!'"

"'You're a hell of a fighter, you are, and I can lick you right here!' yelled Mitchell, as he drew closer to Corbett and waved his cane defiantly in the air.

"'Go away, Mitchell; I don't want to have an altercation with a drunken man,' said Corbett. 'If you want to fight me you know how to go about it. Post your money and we'll settle it in the ring. But we won't fight here in Mr. Miner's barroom!'

"To this Mitchell replied with a volley of oaths until he was quietly requested by two Central Office detectives to go into the street. He went out of the barroom door on to the sidewalk, but quickly came back through the door leading into the theatre lobby. Just then Corbett made his appearance, and upon a fresh volley of insulting epithets from Mitchell Jim made a lunge at him that didn't land. A big policeman grabbed England's boxing champion by the collar and hustled him into the street, where an angry mob chased him up the Bowery. Corbett vowed then and there that he would get square, but it took him almost two years to do it."

* * *

Charles Mitchell, Junr.,

is fond of boxing and, like his father, knows how to handle himself. For a youngster he is quite clever, and knows the difference between a counter and cross-counter as well as many older heads.

* * *

PONY MOORE was discharged in New York, February 7, for assaulting a tram-car conductor, but was immediately re-arrested on a warrant issued by the Civil Court to respond to a suit entered by the conductor, who claims 10,000 dols. damages.

* * *

SPEAKING of the fight, Pony says: "We won three times, and we should have landed the purse. Charley was fouled, and shouldn't have been declared the loser. But what's the use of crying over spilt milk, anyway? I lost £2,000 on the mill, which I bet in England, and I ought to have received an even break for my coin."

* * *

WHEN Al Smith, the well-known sporting man, was asked his opinion regarding the alleged foul, he said: "Corbett might have hit Mitchell while he was down, but the referee warned him, as I or anybody else would do if we were prevailed upon to judge a contest. I'll admit that it was a breach of the Marquis of Queensbury rules for the seconds to jump in the ring, but as Jim Hall did the same thing on behalf of Mitchell, both sides were in the wrong." Smith further declared that he never said he would back Fitzsimmons against Corbett. "It's just the opposite way," continued Smith. "I wouldn't put a counterfeit dollar on Fitzsimmons against Jim."

* * *

IN an interview the Marquis of Queensbury is credited with having said that "The Corbett-Jackson fight will be a great one, in fact, the most interesting in the whole history of the ring. It will, probably, be the last fight.

"This prize-fighting has degenerated from a pure sport to a gambling machine, and the moral sense of the people is aroused against it and cries out for its suppression. The expenses attending every fight are so great that thousands must witness it in order to defray them. Law-makers are appealed to by their constituents, and laws are passed making prize-fighting illegal and consequently disreputable. I believe it has seen its day.

"The rules that bear my name are not mine at all. They were drawn up by John Chambers, a classmate of mine at Cambridge, and subsequently the editor of *Land and Water*. He brought them to me to revise. I made two or three slight alterations in them and they were adopted, and, curiously enough, they bore and still bear my name.

"These rules were never designed for the prize ring, but solely to govern glove contests. They are much too severe for bare knuckles. In fact, their purpose was to disqualify any person who resorted to slugging, which is the very practice they are to-day used to promote."

"In what respect do you consider them too severe for the prize ring?"

"Both in the length of the rounds and in the brevity of the periods of rest. Then, again, I should give a man twenty seconds to recover his feet after a knockdown blow, instead of ten seconds, which is now in vogue."

* * *

A JACKSONVILLE paper says:—"It depends considerably on what the lawyers' fees will be before it can be determined how the Duval A. C. came out in its venture.

"The club took in 31,000 dols. at the gate, and 1,000 dols. was subscribed by the hotels, railroads, and residents of this city. The expenses of the club are as follows: Purse 20,000 dols.; training the principals, 5,000 dols.; building the arena, 1,000 dols.; incidentals, 1,000 dols.; total, 27,000 dols.; balance in hand, 5,000.

"The livery stables, saloons, hotels, railroads, restaurants, and Western Union made considerable out of the great event.

"The hackmen carried 1,500 persons out to the grounds and back again at 2 dols. for the round trip. That's 3,000 dols. for them alone. The hotels got all the way from 15,000 dols. to 25,000 dols.; the saloons got fully 20,000 dols., and the restaurants 5,000 dols. Ten thousand more was spent for rooms at the apartment houses and boarding houses, and about 5,000 dols. for incidentals.

"The total expenditure in the city was somewhere from 60,000 dols. to 75,000 dols., outside of the 31,000 dols. which the club took in for tickets to the arena, which swells the total to over 100,000 dols.

* * *

IF Charley Mitchell is not convicted by the Jacksonville authorities for engaging in his recent battle with Jim Corbett, he will not return home as at first contemplated. Mitchell is going to live in the States for a while, at least until the story of his Waterloo blows over a bit. It is likely that the English boxer will go to Buffalo and probably engage in some business there.

* * *

THE Supreme Court at New Orleans, on January 29, reversed the finding of the jury in the case of the State against the Olympic Club for the forfeiture of the charter, and the club will be put in a receiver's hands to wind up its affairs. This ends prize fighting in the State of Louisana.

* * *

JACK E. DEMPSEY, ex-Champion Middle-Weight pugilist, of America, says that he is still anxious to arrange a "go" with Dick Burge of England for a purse and side wager. Dempsey says he is positive

that he can beat the Englishman, and adds that he will agree to anything reasonable to get on a match. It is likely that Dempsey will accompany Corbett to England when the latter makes the trip in April.

* * *

James J. Corbett, champion pugilist, contemplates reaching this country in April. He closed a week's engagement at the Boston Theatre, February 3, the receipts amounting to 19,000 dols. He is to spar four rounds with Mitchell in New York, February 19, the proceeds to be devoted to charitable purposes.

* * *

A series of contests were brought to a decision at the rooms of the National Sporting Club, February 15. After several preliminary bouts Manager Fleming introduced Bill Corbett, of Lambeth, and Jack Murphy, of Marylebone, who were to box six rounds. In the opening round Murphy, after some heavy exchanges, was floored. The two succeeding rounds were interesting, and though Corbett held an advantage over Murphy, the latter always responded with both hands in spirited exchanges. In the fourth round Murphy made the head the objective point of his attack, whilst Corbett kept busy dealing out body blows. At the beginning of the fifth round Corbett's face began to show the effects of his opponent's handiwork. Still the Lambeth lad never relaxed his efforts, but banged away with the left and right as fast as he was able. When the final bout was entered upon Murphy cut out the work at a lively pace, but Corbett met his rushes with clean straight left-handed jabs, and then, taking the lead in his turn, Corbett at the close of a punishing bout was declared the winner.

What was booked as the event of the evening was a contect between Jack Harland of Marylebone and Walter Butler of Paddington for £20 aside and a purse of £30. The men scaled in at 9st 7lb each, and were to box twenty rounds. At the call of time for the first round Butler let go his left, but was neatly countered. Harland then let drive his left, and received two heavy blows in return. After an exchange Harland tried a lead, but Butler countered, and, as the Marylebone representative stepped backward in his own corner to get out of range, Butler followed him up quickly, and swinging his right, just reached the jaw, and Harland dropped to the boards. Quickly he rose, but seemed dazed, and on Butler rushing at him Harland was pushed down on to his hands. Butler stood away, but on Harland assuming an upright position the Paddington youth rushed in and with a straight left-hander on the chin, once more sent Harland down on his back. The latter's head struck the boards heavily, and as he rose again and clutched the ropes the referee saw he was not in a condition to renew the struggle and declared Butler the winner of the contest before the first round had ended. Owing to the abrupt termination of the battle, manager Fleming arranged a six-round contest between Bill Norton of Shoreditch, and Alf Sparrow of Walworth. The opening rounds were characterised by heavy left-hand exchanges on the head. Sparrow then turned his attention to body-punching, landing frequently with effect. He forced matters in the fifth round, and, working away at the ribs, he caused Norton to beat a retreat. Occasionally Norton lashed out at the head with his right, but this now appeared to be his only chance of success, and Sparrow was too wary to be caught unawares. In the final round Sparrow went to work at a rare pace, and with left and right he pasted his opponent freely. Norton, however, stood up gamely, and tried all he knew to turn the battle in his favour, but Sparrow never threw a chance away, and in the end won.

* * *

Mr. Bernard John Angle, official referee of the National Sporting Club, realises what it is to be prominent and popular as a sportsman. We published an excellent portrait of him in issue No. 4, and about all the members of the Stock Exchange got a copy of the paper. On Mr. Angle appearing on the floor of the Exchange the other afternoon, he was immediately surrounded by the brokers, and for fully ten minutes Mr. Angle's admirers monopolised the entire attention of those present, who eulogised the good traits of the famous referee by indulging in songs and speech-making. Wherever Mr. Angle turned a copy of The Mirror of Life stared him in the face.

* * *

Griffo, the Australian, and Johnny Van Heest fought six two-minute rounds at the Tivoli Theatre, Chicago, U.S.A., Jan. 23. Griffo weighed 18lb more than Van Heest, and outclassed him in every other way. He was the aggressor in every round, but Van Heest took the punishment gamely and gave back as much as he could. The call of time in the last round saved Van Heest from being knocked out, but the fight was called a draw.

* * *

Fitzsimmons and Dan Creedon have agreed to fight to a finish at Jacksonville, Florida, on or about March 8, for £1,000 in stake money, and a purse of not less than £3,000. Their proposed six round contest which was to have taken place at Madison Square Gardens, New York City, February 3, was declared off because the police authorities declined to permit it. Fitzsimmons declares himself open to meet Corbett, and states that he will wager any reasonable sum of money that he makes a much better stand against the champion than Mitchell did, should Corbett defeat him.

* * *

At the Circus, Newcastle, February 5, there was to have been a twelve-round contest between T. Needham and T. Murphy, of Newcastle, at 8st 6lb, but the last-named, suffering from typhoid fever, had to forfeit. Needham, however, found an opponent in J. Wall, of Newcastle, and the pair boxed for £20. Wall was much the cleverer and settled his man in a minute. An 8st competition, the best of six rounds, resulted in Isaac Cohen, Newcastle, beating J. Spence, Newcastle; J. Willis, Blaydon, beating Glen Revell, Newcastle; and J. Smith, Newcastle, beating J. Leitch, Newcastle. On February 6 the tournament was brought to a termination. In the 8st competition J. Willis, Blaydon, beat J. Smith, Newcastle, and Isaac Cohen, Newcastle, boxed a bye with P. Nichol, Newcastle. In the final Cohen beat Willis after an extra round. J. Kelley, Leeds, and D. McDermod, Newcastle, boxed six rounds for a purse, and an interesting contest ended in a win for McDermod. J. M'Geary, Newcastle, and J. Calligan, Newcastle, boxed six rounds for a purse at 10st. A splendid contest ended in Calligan winning, by knocking his opponent out with a tremendous swinging right in the fifth round.

* * *

On February 6, at Birmingham, J Welch and W. Goode met in an eight-round contest for a purse under the Marquis of Queensbury's rules. From the outset it was seen that the encounter would be a close one, for whilst Goode forced the pace and rushed his opponent considerably, Welsh displayed most skill both in attack and defence, and after an interesting contest, lasting the limited number of rounds, the referee's verdict went in favour of Welch.

* * *

The annual tournament of the Orion Gymnastic Club was brought to a close February 9, at the Gymnasium, at Hackney. The boxing competitions resulted as follows :—

Bantam Weights (not exceeding 8st 4lb). —Trial bouts: N. F. Smith, Anchor Institute, beat D. Moss, unattached, very easily, the latter being more of a rusher than a boxer. E. Wright, Sydney B.C., sparred a bye with Ted Rich (professional). Final bout: Wright beat Smith, having the best of each round, and finishing with something to spare.

Feather Weight (not exceeding 9st).—Final bout: P. Martin, Orion G.C., beat E. P. Watson, unattached. Martin scored heavily in the first two rounds, and though Watson was going stronger in the final, the former had easily won when time was called.

Light-weights (not exceeding 10st).—Trial bouts: V. Haynes, Orion and Mincing Lane Clubs, beat J. W. Bond, Tobacco Plant C.C., knocking him out in the first minute of the opening round. A. Vanderhout, Sydney B.C., beat J. Forrester, Whittington Gym., after a rattling set-to. S. S. Pidgeon, Clarence A.C., sparred a bye with Ted Rich (professional). Second ties: Pidgeon beat Haynes. Vanderhout sparred a bye with Bill Corbett (professional). Final bout: Vanderhout beat Pidgeon after three good rounds.

Middle-weight (not exceeding 11st 4lb).—Trial bouts: H. T. Holloway, Mincing Lane B.C., beat A. E. Stapleton, Orion G.C., after a good struggle; G. L. Townsend, Goldsmiths' Institute B.C., beat H. Lindsay, Orion G.C. Charles Hill, Mildmay B.C., sparred a bye with Ted Rich (professional). Second ties: Townsend sparred a bye with Ted Rich. Holloway beat Hill, knocking him out in the first round. Final bout: Townsend beat Holloway, the latter giving up half-way through the last round.

Heavy-weight (any weight).—Trial bouts: J. Smith, Stanhope B.C., beat E. C. Le Mesurier, German Gym., after a severe tussle. L. Barnard, Belsize B.C., sparred a bye with G. Jardine, Orion G.C. Final bout: Barnard beat Smith. The first round was a quiet one, but in the second, after a hot rally in Smith's corner, Barnard on the rebound from the ropes caught his rival on the jaw and knocked him out.

* * *

Frank Hinde gave purses for a series of contests which were decided at a West-end club-room February 9. The first was a six-round contest between Edwards and Bolton, two local lads, and after four very even rounds Edwards scored the faster, and was eventually returned the winner. Cass Cannon and Heth Goodwin then tried conclusions. Cannon had a lot the best of the exchanges in the first round, and forced the fighting, but Round 2 was much more even, though Cannon still seemed to hold the winning card, albeit he was blowing freely. In the third round caution was the order of the day, and neither scored anything worth recording. The next three rounds were also rather uninteresting, Cannon not having strength enough to finish his man, who was then falling [illegible] ghth round Cannon rallied a [illegible] for his man, scored a well-earned victory. Ernest Stanton (of Stratford) and Tom Smith (of West Ham) then faced each other. They were down to box six rounds, but it only lasted four. The first was a very light affair, and then Stanton, who was the smaller of the pair, began to score the faster, and Smith, finding he had no possible chance, gave in. Funny Page, of Notting Hill, and Jem Keating, of Marylebone, were the next couple to appear, and the former won after a good bout; and these were followed by Jack Hart, of the Meat Market, and Alf. Phillips, of Bow, who were to have boxed six rounds, but this also only lasted four, at the end of which Phillips gave in.

* * *

There was an immense attendance at the Athletic Hall, Exhibition Street, Melbourne, on January 1, to witness the match between Joe Goddard, champion of Australia, and Harry Laing, of New Zealand. Goddard will be remembered as victor over Peter Jackson in a six round contest at Sydney, and twice defeated Joe Choynski there. He went to America and beat Peter Maher, of Dublin, but was afterward defeated by Ed. Smith, of Denver, and then returned to Australia. Laing has been beaten by Frank Slavin. The purse was £150, of which £125 went to the winner and £25 to the loser. Goddard, who is well known in Melbourne, scaled 13st 4lb. Laing, who is a half caste Maori, weighed 13st. He is a shorter, more compact man than the other, and it would scarcely have been expected that the scales would bring them so close together. The match was to last for twenty rounds if one or the other man was not beaten before that limit was reached. It was nearly 9 o'clock before the men faced each other. Their styles were very different. Goddard, who depends for his success on his long reach, and the force of his terrific blows, was eager to come to close quarters, and he stood squarely on his legs and followed Laing round the ring. Laing, on the other hand, evidently placed his reliance on his condition and powers of endurance, and his policy was to evade Goddard's direct attack. He crouched like a panther and sprang in every now and then to give and receive punishment. Some heavy blows were delivered during the first two or three rounds, with little advantage—or little damage—as the case may be, to either side. Once Goddard fell on his knee and once he knocked Laing on to the ropes. During the fourth and fifth rounds Laing appeared to be tiring, and he took one or two heavy blows on the face without apparently being able to put much power into his returns. He ducked repeatedly to avoid Goddard's heavy left, and usually succeeded, but received one or two heavy upper-cuts. But when he came up for the seventh round he was still smiling and confident, whilst Goddard's supporters were less noisy and demonstrative, and the tall man began to wear an anxious look on his face, as he found it more and more difficult to deliver the knock-out blow that was expected from him. The seventh round was the turning point of the match, for at its conclusion Goddard was evidently more distressed than the New Zealander. He now commenced to alter his tactics, standing up to his man and giving quite as much punishment as he received. Several red weals stood out on Goddard's ribs, and blood trickled from beneath his left eye. The swarthy skin of the half-caste concealed the marks of his punishment. He now came up confidently at the beginning of each round, and at the tenth it simply became a question of how long Goddard would last. He staggered from every mishit, whilst Laing, still strong and nimble on his feet, sprang out of the reach of Goddard's blows, and jumped in again to force the fighting. Goddard's wind was quite gone, and perspiration ran from him in streams. In the middle of the twelfth round he held out his hand in taken that the fight was over. Laing seized it with alacrity, and then ran off to his corner with a jubilant air, the winner of a well-fought contest.

There was great cheering, and after it subsided Goddard came to the ropes and gasped out a few sentences. He said he gave in because the chances were a million to one against his winning. He must have been hopelessly beaten had he continued, for to his great surprise his condition was quite gone. He never dreamt that it would have failed him as it had done.

* * *

A Chicago dispatch says :—"Representatives of George Dixon and 'Young Griffo' have met and took the initial steps toward arranging a match for 10,000dols. a side and the largest purse offered by any club in the United States. The articles of agreement will provide that the men fight at 8st 8lb and weigh in at three o'clock the day of the contest. Besides the substantial stakes, the feather-weight championship of the world will go to the winner.

* * *

Manager Hanlon of the Baltimore Baseball Club has drawn up a contract offering Champion Jim Corbett 10,000dols. to play with the Baltimore Club the coming season. Corbett is a fine ball player, and made quite a reputation on the Pacific slope.

* * *

Jim Hall, middle-weight pugilist, has severed his connection with Steve O'Donnell, Australian heavy-weight, now in the States, and the latter intimates that he will visit Ireland in March.

* * *

Joe Bennett, of Deptford, and Jack Maloney, of Westminster, have signed articles to fight with small gloves to a finish at 6st 10lb, for £10 a-side, open to £100 a-side, and a purse to be given by Frank Hinde. The battle will be fought on Friday, March 9, the men are to scale at the ring side.

* * *

A. Hall and H. Jacobs decided an eight-round match at the Netherlands Athletic Club rooms, Spitalfields, Feb. 5. Jacobs did most of the leading, and the affair was ended in the third round. Hall forced the fighting at the outset, but it was evident the pace was telling on him, and Jacobs at length floored his man with a stinging blow. Hall failed to rise within the ten seconds, and the judges awarded the contest to Jacobs.

* * *

In contests at the Lambeth School of Arms, Feb. 3, Jack Lee and F. Strange were to box twelve rounds, but after seven rounds were fought Strange quitted. In a ten-round match Nobby Proctor made Fred Horrell quit in the fourth round. Wag Hampton and Alf Winter met in the final bout of a 6st 4lb competition. The former went at his opponent in such a lively fashion that Winter put out a signal of distress in the fourth round, and Hampton got the verdict.

* * *

On Feb. 5, at the same place, Bill Bridger defeated Denny Smith in nine rounds, the latter stopping because he was given too many stomach blows. Bill Nelson and Tom Hands were to box ten rounds, but six lively rounds, during which Nelson did some good work, were gone through when Hands held out his hand as a signal of defeat.

* * *

Jem Burrows, the "Butcher King," of Hammersmith, backer of Harry Nickless in his match with Dick Burge, offers on the occasion of Burge's benefit at Leeds, to run any butcher in Newcastle or Leeds in the morning, his own weight (17st), 100 yards, for £5, and box the same man in the evening "double or quits." The winnings to go to the fund for Burge's benefit.

* * *

Tom Pashley, of Hull, and Bill Steers, of Grimsby, were to have fought twelve rounds at Hull, Feb. 6, for £40, but before the end of the first round Steers was knocked down, and being unable to respond within the prescribed ten seconds, Pashley was given the purse.

* * *

G. Kenny, of Kilburn, and Bill Bolton, of Marylebone, engaged in a ten-round glove contest, at Kilburn Gymnasium, February 5, for a purse. The battle was evenly contested throughout the ten rounds; Kenny showed a slight advantage in the last round, and was given the verdict.

* * *

Bob Wallis, known four or five years back in boxing circles as Colonel Kenan's "Big 'Un," died recently from pneumonia.

* * *

The Thames Rowing Club gave prizes for a 9st 7lb competition, open to all, which was decided at Putney February 8. In the final bout, Arthur Callan, of Wood Green, met Harry Webster, of Somerstown. In the three rounds contested, Callan rushed matters and at the end had a slight advantage, which resulted in giving him the award.

* * *

Jumper Howe and James Robinson, local pugilists, are matched to box the best of twenty rounds at Newcastle, March 26, for £50.

A VERY GOOD SUGGESTION.

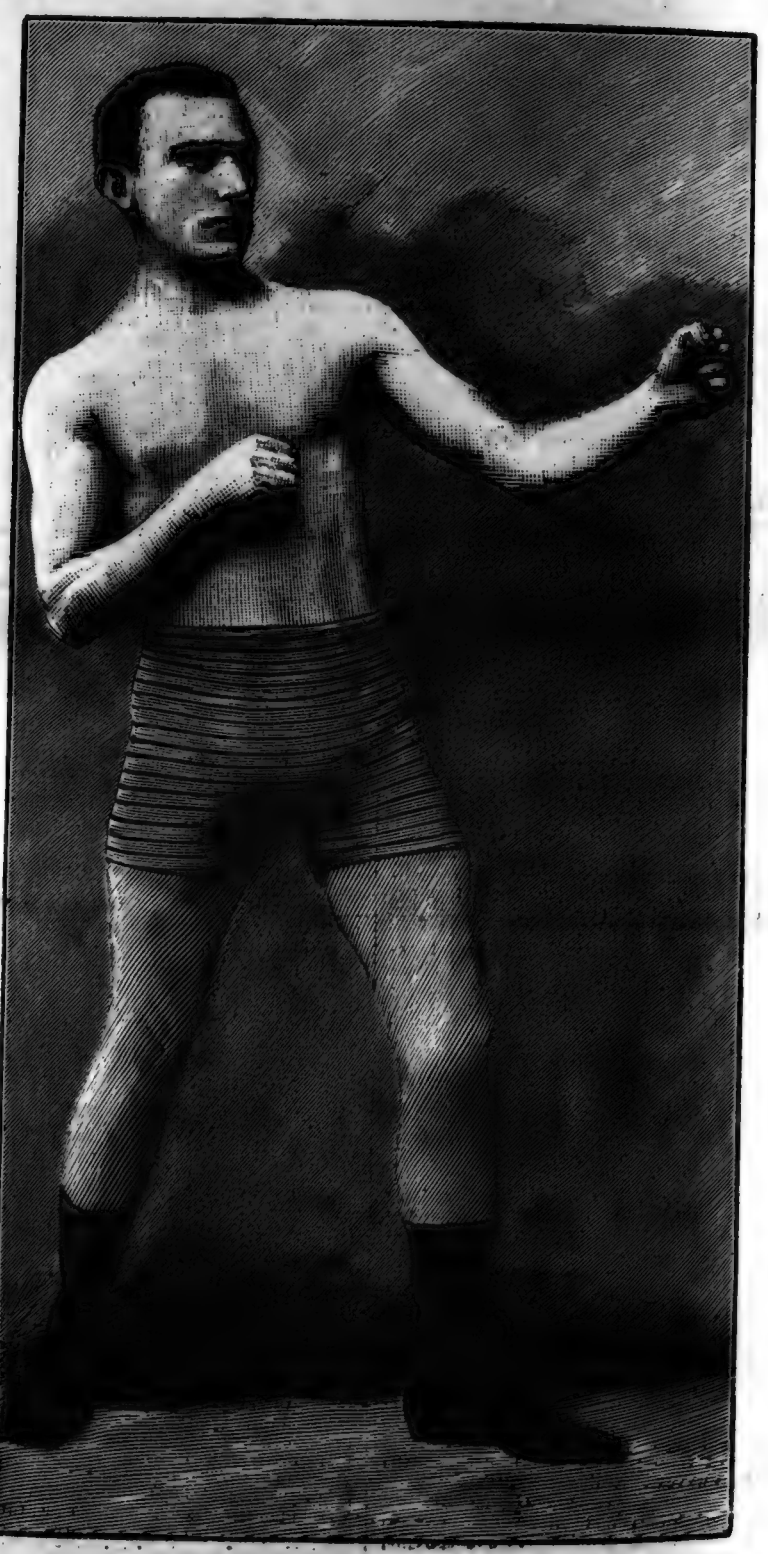
A cricket spectator writes that he is a lover of the game, and spends many a summer afternoon at Lord's and the Oval, but, like other visitors to these grounds, he is often disappointed at the slowness of play, which is due to the three days' limit preventing the matches being played out. Many suggestions, he says, have been made to remedy this admitted evil, but they have all failed; but would it not be possible to impose a personal time limit, so that no batsman should be allowed to remain at the wickets longer than one hour. All would have to take their chance, of course, of being bowled or caught; but whether brilliant or slow, no player would remain longer than his sixty minutes, and the knowledge of this fact would force the game, and cause much more dashing and interesting play both at the wickets and in the field, and would ensure most matches being played out. From whom are objections to be expected—amateurs or professionals? The latter would get their pay all the same, and the averages would not be unfairly affected, because no player would have a better opportunity than a rival or an opponent.

MR. JOHN NANSON.
Popular Sportsman and Bookmaker.

STANTON ABBOTT.
Champion English Light-weight Pugilist now in America.

JEM VERRALL.
A Clever London Pugilist.

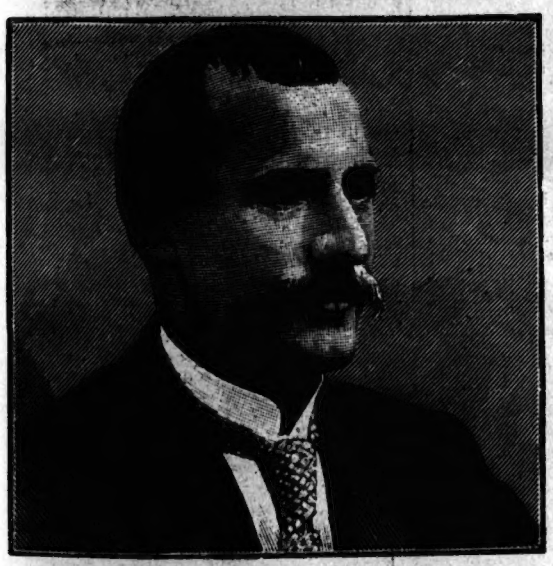
JOE CHOYNSKI,
Clever Pugilist who is Sparring Partner to Peter Jackson.



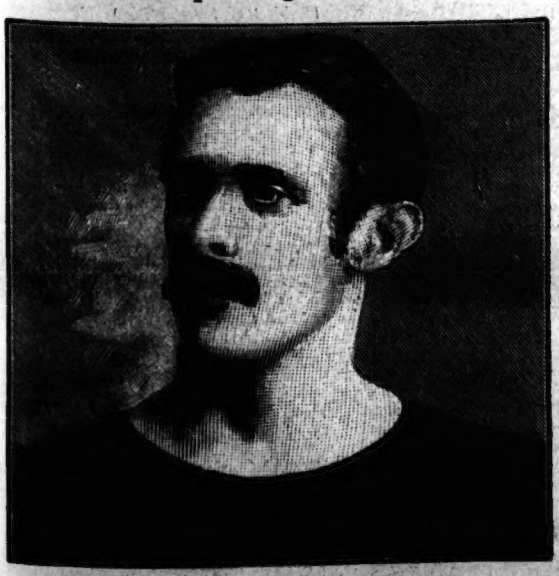
JOHN T. GRIFFIN.
The American Pugilist who Challenges the World at 8st 10lb.

MR. WARD McALLISTER.
The Famous Leader of New York Swell Society

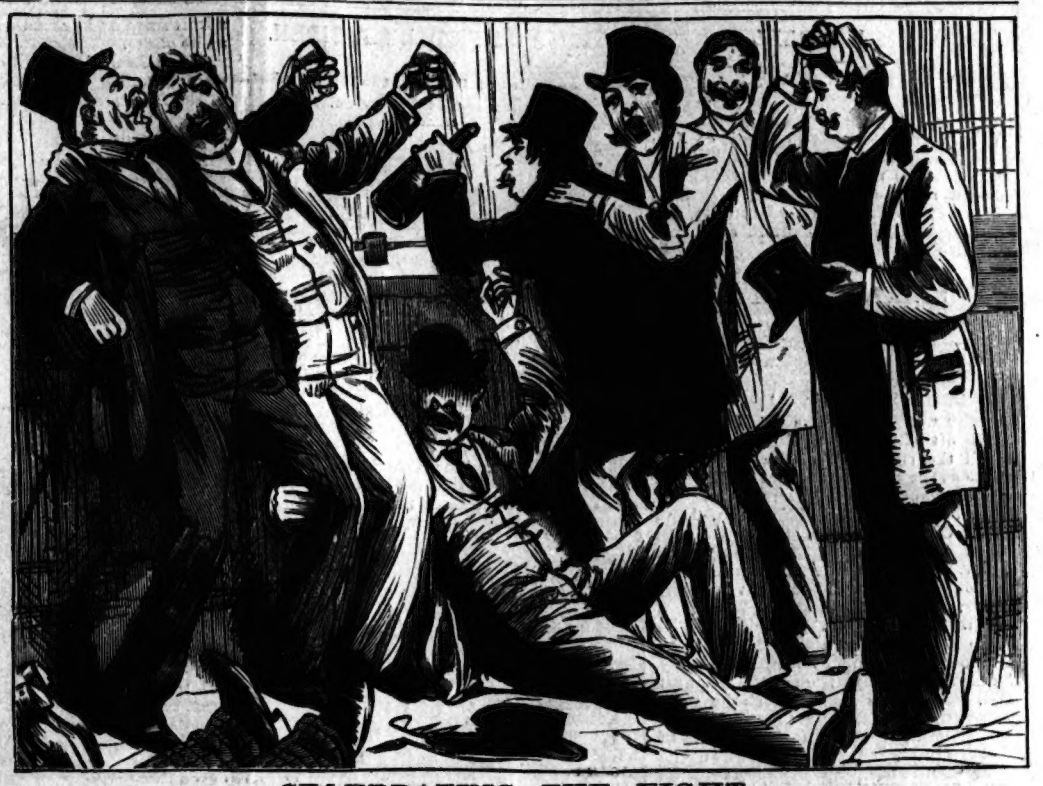
CHARLES NIXON.
A Sporting Writer and Hotel Manager.



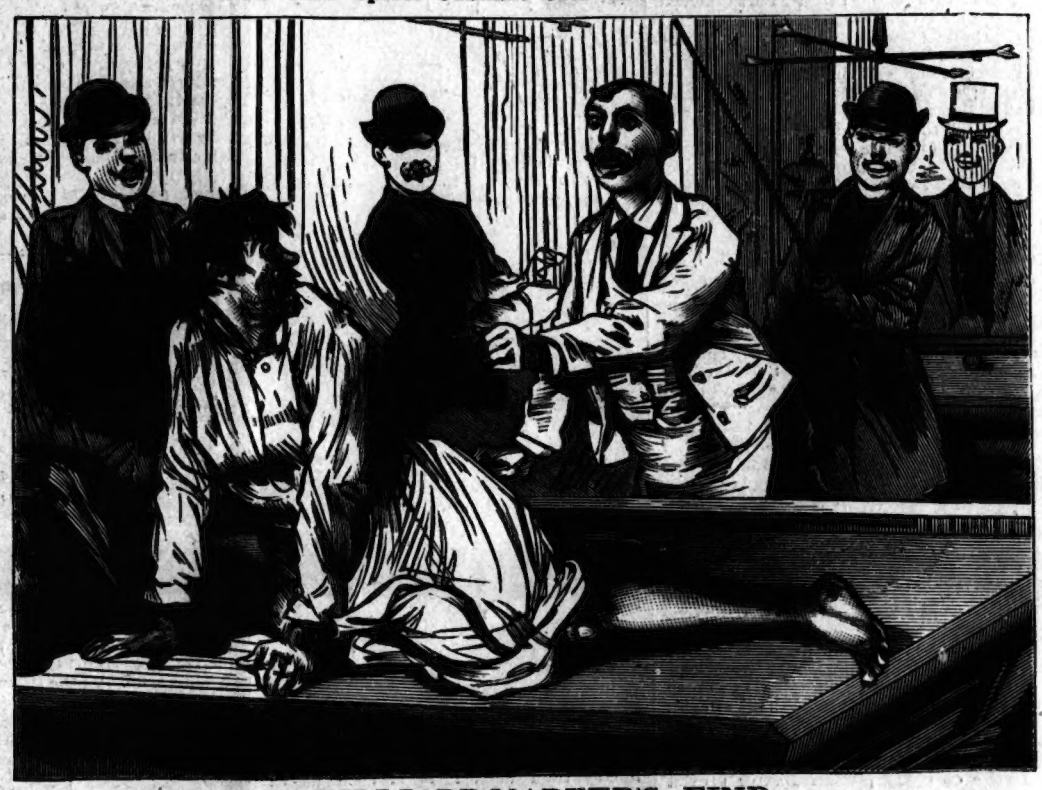
C. R. ("WAG") HARDING.
Champion English Sculler.



WALTER G. GEORGE.
Famous Runner who Holds Many Records.



CELEBRATING THE FIGHT.
New York Sports Jubilant over Mitchell's Defeat.



A BILLIARD-MARKER'S FIND.
One of the Unemployed obtains a Night's Lodging.

HE WAS DONE UP QUICK.
The Mile End Marvel was not Speedy Enough.

JEM VERRALL.

A Clever London Pugilist.

(With Portrait.)

We present this week a portrait of Jem Verrall, a clever London boxer, who, though he has not shown any great performance in the ring, has beaten Sam Blakelock in a limited round contest, and talks of again meeting Sam in a bout of twelve rounds.

STANTON ABBOTT.

Champion English Light-weight Pugilist now in America.

(With Portrait.)

Abbott was born June 23, 1867, and stands 5ft 6in high in his socks. He learned the rudiments of the art of self-defence at the Walworth Social Club, which included among its members many well known boxers, notably Ben Seth, Dave Burke, Charley Hicks, Sam Holmes, Reuben and Clem Smith, young Jack Jones, &c. In September, 1887, he entered a 9st competition for amateurs at Sergeant Green's, but being dissatisfied with a decision given against him, declared he would never box as an amateur again. In the following December he entered Coddy Middings' open competition at the Oriental Hotel, Blackfriars Road, which he won, beating Bill Donoghue in the final bout. Soon after this Abbott beat Jack Kibble of Willesden in six rounds for £5 a-side at the Regency Drill Hall, Willesden; beat George Johns of Wandsworth in two rounds at Bob Habbijam's; beat Harry Williams at Epsom in six rounds; beat Fred Mansford of Mile End in six rounds, at Dartmouth; beat Dick Gammon in two rounds at the Pelican Club; was beaten by Harry Osborn at Ned Donnelly's, in twelve rounds for points; won a 9st competition at the Pelican Club, beat George Johnson (brother to Fred) in the final bout; beat Tommy Walker in nine rounds at the Kennington Social Club; beat Ginger Elmer of Notting Hill in twelve rounds at the Lambeth School of Arms; won a 9st competition at the Agricultural Hall, beating in turn Tom Walker, Harry Mead, and Bill Gibbs; won a 9st competition at the Albany Club, defeating Bill Hook of Billingsgate in the final; again defeated Ginger Elmer in twelve rounds, this time at the National Sporting Club; was beaten by Fred Johnson in the £100 9st championship competition at the Kennington Social Club; beat J. Willis in nine rounds at Bob Habbijam's; beat Tom Euston of Old Ford in six rounds at the Kenington Social Club. On Oct. 1, 1891, he defeated Bill Baxter at the National Sporting Club for a prize valued at £150, the latter being beaten in the twelfth round. On Feb. 29, 1892, he defeated a hot favourite in Harry Overton, of Birmingham, whom he also settled in twelve rounds, for a £300 prize, at the National Sporting Club. His last engagement also took at the same resort on Oct. 10, 1892. Austin S. Gibbons, of Paterson, N. J., was to have boxed him on that day for 9st 4lb championsbip, and a prize value £300, but at the last moment the American reported himself sick and refused to enter the ring. Sam Baxter filled the Yankee's place at a very short notice, and faced Abbott in a ten-round contest for points. The prize at issue was £100, and to the surprise of many present Baxter proved the winner.

January 23, 1893, he beat Sam Baxter in 18 rounds at the National Sporting Club at 9st 4lb for £300.

Since he arrived in America Abbott has sparred many four-round bouts with local men. He was matched to meet Andy Bowen at New Orleans, but owing to the fact that the club experienced trouble with the authorities the match was declared off. On January 8, at Providence, U. S. A., he beat Jack Falvery in 15 rounds for a purse.

A purse of 650 dols. and an allowance of 100 dols for expenses has been offered Abbott to fight Harry Gilmore at Chicago.

It is probable that Abbott will soon return home and prepare himself for a finish fight with Martin Denny, the Australian, to occur in April at the National Sporting Club.

WALTER G. GEORGE.

Famous Runner who Holds Many Records.

(With Portrait.)

There are probably few people in any portion of the world who have not read of the performances of Walter G. George. As an amateur he lowered many records at distances ranging from 900 yards to twelve miles which have never been beaten. He ran as a professional, but as a record-breaker he did not meet with the success which attended him during his career as an amateur. A complete record of his performances would occupy too much space. Suffice to say, that he was one of the best runners England ever produced. George still has confidence in his ability, and would not refuse a reasonable offer for a match to take place next season.

FIGHT CAUSED BY A SIREN.

Pest Holes of London, the Resort of Viragoes and Fast Men.

(Subject of Illustration.)

In the West End of London life in its immoral stages does not commence until after midnight, and from that hour till five o'clock in the morning the viragoes are in their element. There has been many clubs of a questionable character in that district, but owing to the vigilance of the police authorities the objectionable pest-holes are being gradually wiped out of existence. They formed a rendezvous for those who desired to obtained a livelihood in a doubtful manner, and though such resorts will never be exterminated effectually, sufficient restraint will be placed on suspected pest-spots to keep such evils in check.

During the day the manager who obtains his living through the lust of his patrons will appear in the main thoroughfares

In the Height of Fashion,

and it is whilst on these foraging trips that he acquires acquaintances to whom he extends an invitation to patronise his resort.

In some of these objectionable spots there are rooms where the siren will go and indulge in

A Game of Cards

to while away the time pending the arrival of the gay young man who possesses more money than brains. It is such places which cause many a young man to seek disgrace and ruin by squandering money entrusted to his care during business hours. Curiosity usually prompts his initial visit, and the desire for lust rapidly forms a burning desire in the misguided youth's mind. He thinks not of what the morrow may bring forth, and so long as he can produce cash to enable the siren to purchase

Wine and Cigarettes

he is called a jolly cove. Disgrace and ruin invariably follow. In nearly all the pest-holes a visitors' book is conspicuous, and supposed members will enrol a fictitious name on the book for each guest who attends. That tends to establish the resort as a private club, but it is safe to say most any man wearing decent clothing and presenting the appearance of one possessing means could readily gain admittance and purchase as much liquor as he chose.

When Joseph Croner and Harry Nicholls were brought before Magistrate Newton, at the Marlborough Street Court recently, charged with conducting the New Mandoline Club, at Leicester Square, one who was present when the club was raided testified that during the night one of the viragoes participated in

A Most Indecent Dance,

and to the edification of those present, Dora, for that is her professional name, secured a jug of cold water and poured it over the head of a drunken wretch, and mimicked giving him a shampoo.

In the supper rooms at these plague-spots disturbances are frequent, and it is not an unusual thing when the orgies are at a zenith to witness the patrons in evening dress participate in a general row over the companionship of some prostitute in scanty attire, and such "pleasure" often produces swelled heads and cracked bottles. Take it, where bottles and glasses are utilised as subduers, no one can judge whom they will hit till they reach a mark. Such hilarity is amusing to an onlooker, but almighty dangerous for a participant. We hope the authorities will continue in their good work and wipe out all such hellish resorts in London.

CELEBRATING THE FIGHT.

New York Sports Jubilant over Mitchell's Defeat.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"A visit to the public-houses in New York after the result of the Corbett-Mitchell fight was reported," says a correspondent, "would convince any man of Mitchell's unpopularity and how well Corbett is thought of. I made a trip around, January 25, and found that the fight was the sole topic of conversation wherever I called. In the Bowery one fellow became so enthusiastic that he shouted in such a manner as to make himself obnoxious. He had, no doubt, handled the whisky bottle just often enough to make him hilarious. An officer attempted to arrest him when a lively scuffle ensued. Two more came to the rescue, and the fellow was marched to the station-house. On appearing there he shouted to the officer whom he had done battle with,

Knocked Out in a Round,

to the amusement of all the officers present. At the Coleman House wine flowed like water, and the jubilant ones were singing 'For he's a Jolly Good Fellow.' When they got too full to stand they fell to the floor. The strict rules which usually prevail were forgotten for the time being, and it was a real jollification till closing time."

Shortwind: "Why do you live up so high?"

Tankleigh: "On my wife's account."

Shortwind: "On your wife's account?"

Tankleigh: "Yes. When I've been drinking, you see, before I get into the flat I lose my breath coming upstairs."

* * *

Goslin: "I often find it difficult to collect my thoughts, doncherknow, Miss Flypp."

Miss Flypp: "You surely don't mean to intimate that sometimes people borrow them?"

CHARLES NIXON.

A Sporting Writer and Hotel Manager.

(With Portrait.)

We present this week a portrait of Charles Nixon, of Liverpool, who gives promise of becoming a prominent sporting writer. He manages for his father, Sam Nixon, the Flat Iron Hotel, at Liverpool, and during his leisure hours he gathers sporting news for the *Melbourne Sportsman*. He is also the Liverpool correspondent for The Mirror of Life. Nixon has accompanied his father on his Australian trips, and is in touch with the prominent pugilists and athletes in this country and the colonies.

JACK THE MEASURER.

In Search of Perfect Formed Women to Enter a Grand Shape Contest.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A curious feature of actual life has just been brought to light at San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A. In the States they have had Jack the Hugger and Jack the Kisser, whilst we have had Jack the Ripper. The latest scheme is that of Jack the Measurer whose plan has been to go around and measure parlourmaids for a grand shape contest to occur at the Midwinter Fair at San Francisco. The Fair officials have not authorised any such contest, nor have they heard of Jack the Measurer, but that enterprising individual is busy with his tape-line just the same. He has already secured the ground plans and specifications of several leading parlourmaids, and is industriously hustling for more. What he intends to do with the shape statistics of the dustpan wielders is a mystery. There is to be a beauty contest at the Midwinter Fair, but the conditions do not require any measuring.

Still the measuring goes briskly on, and many a buxom servant girl has listened to the song of the man with the tape-line. His plan is to prowl about the hotels and lodging-houses until he discovers a chambermaid, to whom the conditions of the alleged Midwinter Fair shape tournament are unfolded. According to Jack the Measurer's prospectus there are to be three prizes. The first is 75 dols., the second 50 dols., and the third 25 dols. Should the maid agree to enter the contest, Jack at once hauls out a tape-line and proceeds to measure the confiding female in detail. The figures and the name of the girl are carefully entered in a large book. No entrance fee is required, nor is there anything said regarding the date of the opening of the shape contest. All the fellow does is to measure the parlourmaid, jot down the result, utter a few pleasing compliments, and make his escape. Each victim is assured that she will win the first prize. In one hotel he actually had five of the servants expose themselves in a room for measuring purposes. He displays a card which gives the measurements of a perfect formed woman of 5ft 10in in statue, which he professes to use as a basis to work on. The fiend is described as a medium-sized man and with a pleasing address. He is fairly well dressed, and is a plausible talker in the presence of susceptible parlourmaids. He has also been operating in the poorer districts south of Market Street, where he has measured a number of unsuspecting young girls with the consent of their mothers. The munificent character of the prizes doubtless helps the man along with his peculiar fad. His tapeline is one of those spring roller affairs in a case, and is capable of measuring a parlourmaid 100ft in circumference.

THE BOXING CRAZE AMONGST LADIES.

An English Professor who has several Pupils who are clever.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"Do you believe me," said a well-known London instructor of the manly art the other day, "I have several ladies who come regularly every week to receive lessons in boxing. They can hit, stop, job, and get away as well as most any of the men whom I teach. Occasionally I pair two of them for a spar; no, they don't lose their temper and will never strike anywhere but the head. It would be dangerous to hit a woman on the breast, and they realize that too. They have a fondness of punching the suspended football which, is probably the best exercise any lady could indulge in. You would be surprised to know how much interest they take in a fight. Take, for instance, the Mitchell-Corbett affair, nearly all were in favour of Corbett because they allowed he was a gentleman and the other fellow a rowdy. How they did wish for Corbett's success, and when the result was known I had to explain all the blows Corbett had delivered, particularly the right hand upper-cut."

"I only hope Corbett and Jackson will fight in London, because that would increase boxing interest, and I should have a large class of lady pupils, who, by the way, are good pay and very little trouble."

SHE KNEW HOW TO HIT.

She was a comely young woman, a trifle below the medium feminine height, and of slight but compact proportions. She was neatly attired, and evidently married. She was accompanied by a man her superior in height, and of stocky proportions. He was apparently a mechanic, and they strolled through Mile End. The woman was crying and talking. The man was putting in an occasional word, which only seemed to aggravate his distressed companion. About half way down the street they stopped and exchanged a few words more energetic than the others, the purport of which could only be guessed by the result.

The little woman cast a look of contempt upon the man, and without more ado clenched her little right hand and shot it out from the shoulder with rapidity, force, and precision. It landed full in the man's face, and he staggered back a couple of paces; recovering, he returned the blow. He hit the woman lightly in the face. She did not flinch, but the bright eyes shone like stars through her tears as her right arm quickly brought the little fist forward again with the quickness and power of a piston rod.

The blow was better aimed this time, and it caught the man on the point of the jaw. Down he went in a heap on the sidewalk, with his dinner basket under him and its contents scattered all about the pavement. Slowly he gathered himself and his belongings together. As he was doing this a benevolent merchant, who had viewed the encounter with astonishment from his store window, rushed out and endeavoured to act the part of a peacemaker. He said, "Madame, don't, I beseech you! You'll get into trouble. You'll be arrested!"

"He's a loafer," was all the young woman vouchsafed in reply. The man, who regained his feet, ruefully wiped his face and muttered something about "going along with her all right."

The benevolent merchant, who had at first supposed the man had insulted the woman and been speedily punished for it, now began to think he was interfering in a domestic quarrel, and he retired within doors. The pair walked on a short distance, when there occurred some further altercation, which ended in another deftly delivered right-handed upper-cut by the young woman, which again dropped the man as if he had been shot.

Not once did the dexterous female attempt to resort to the usual claw and finger-nail methods of feminine warfare, but struck straight from the shoulder after the most approved mode of the successful pugilist.

At the corner of the next turning she knocked him down a third time for the edification of the few pedestrians and residents of the neighbourhood, and then they disappeared.

Priscilla: "Jack says he'll give me anything I ask for."

Prunella: "His name, for instance?"

RARE BOOKS. — Aristotle's Works, coloured plates (Medical Book), 2s. 4d.; The Bride, 1s. 6d.; Boccacio's famous Decameron, two vols., complete, 3s. 6d.; Rabelais' Great Works, 3s. 6d. Many others. Catalogues two stamps.—Rosenthal, Publishers, Park Ridings, Hornsey, London. Mention paper.

SULPHUR BITTERS

IT WILL drive the humor from your system, and make your skin clean and smooth. Those Pimples and Blotches which mar your beauty are caused by IMPURE BLOOD. They can be removed in a short time, if you are wise and use the great blood purifier, Sulphur Bitters.

TRY A BOTTLE TO-DAY.

Why suffer with Boils? Why rave with that terrible Headache? Why lay and toss on that bed of pain with RHEUMATISM? Use Sulphur Bitters. They will cure you where all others fail. The dose is small—only a teaspoonful. TRY IT and you will be satisfied. The young, the aged and tottering are soon made well by its use. Remember what you read here, it may save your life, it has SAVED HUNDREDS.

If you are suffering from Kidney Disease, and wish to live to old age, use Sulphur Bitters. They never fail to cure. Get it of your Druggist.

DON'T WAIT. GET IT AT ONCE.

Sulphur Bitters will cure Liver Complaint. Don't be discouraged;

IT WILL CURE YOU.

SHARP PRACTICE AT PIGEON SHOOTING.

The International pigeon matches at Monte Carlo calls to mind a story told about pigeon shooting in Australia. "Five years ago," says a sportsman who formerly resided in New South Wales, "a man could win or lose £2,000 in Sydney over a single pigeon-shooting match, but the gamblers got to controlling the shoots, and outsiders then steered clear of the game. They wagered 6 to 4 on the first barrel and 7 to 2 on both barrels to kill, and as high as £500 would be staked on a bird. Some of the sharp ones got to loading their cartridges with rice, and that of course would just hit the bird hard enough to blow out some of the feathers and not injure it enough to stop it inside of the boundary line. The money would go and the losers would labour under the impression that the shooter was in hard luck. However, they soon discovered the trick, and that set them back somewhat in their wagers. One of the cleverest men in the line was a Sydney solicitor, who is worth at least £150,000, but is open to turn an honest (?) dollar at any time, notwithstanding his vast income and wealth. He held a high position in society and for a time was a leader in the gun club, but one fine day he got to placing up too good a score, so that one of his cartridges was quietly taken out of his club box when he neglected to lock it. It was dissected, and the shot that was in it weighed two ounces instead of one ounce and a quarter, as required by the rules. Nothing was said till he captured the next trophy, when one of the members challenged his shells. He was forced to give one up, and it was there and then scaled, and found three-quarters of an ounce too heavy, besides extra powder. The solicitor was allowed to resign from the club. His father when seventy years old was considered a good shot and always up to all manner of tricks—in fact, he always made matches and won, and when asked to contend in an open shoot he would decline, because that would test his real ability. A pigeon if let loose on water will at all times make a direct line for shore, no matter how near or far he is off. The old fellow knew this, and made a wager that he could kill thirty out of fifty birds at thirty yards rise with one barrel, which would be, under fair and ordinary circumstances, a good performance for a crack shot. People knew this, and readily accepted large wagers on the birds. The day the men were to shoot the traps were set on piles driven 30yds from shore, that they could not be tampered with. The proposal looked quite fair and was therefore accepted. The shoot was a farce, because as fast as the birds were released, they flew towards shore and the shooter had only to wait and kill when the bird was within 10 yds of him. Those who had staked their money in good faith fairly howled with rage when they saw how they were tricked.

"A new match was arranged to be shot in a field. Not to be outdone, spring traps were 'rung in' on the same people, and the trapper squared so that when they were being placed in the traps a wing was broken and as soon as the string was pulled the trap would fly open and the bird shoot in the air. All the shooter had to do was to explode his gun. The bird of course would fall with a broken wing, then the dog would gather him in. He naturally put up a most extraordinary score and the job would never have been detected but for the last bird that was set free. The shootist pulled the trigger, but the gun only snapped and failed to explode. The bird of course dropped with a broken wing. It caused a big row, and practically killed pigeon shooting in the Colonies."

HAS THROWN HIS LAST BOMB.

No execution of modern times in Paris has ever evoked such an overpowing display of police force as that of Vaillant, February 5, and none has been so fully reported in its minutest details by the Press. At ten minutes past seven the doors were thrown open, and the dragoons moved forward and surrounded the scaffold. As the prisoner appeared they drew their swords, and the members of the Press and other civilians standing round the scaffold immediately uncovered in accordance with the custom at Paris executions. Vaillant, clad in his white shirt and trousers, appeared through the doorway, very pale but courageous. He walked with steady step and head erect to the guillotine.

Just at the moment that he was seized by the executioners he shouted, "Death to the bourgeoise! Long live Anarchy!" He was then thrown on the board and the knife immediately fell. The execution was performed with extreme expedition, and without a hitch. The vast crowd—among whom gay masquers laughed and chatted — outside the barriers heard nothing of Vaillant's shout, and when the fatal knife fell not a sound or a cry was heard from the multitude present. Within a few seconds the body had been placed in the hearse, and, escorted by 25 mounted guards, was driven quickly off in the direction of the cemetery at Ivry.

HE GOT ENOUGH COWBOY.

A New York Swell finds there is no place so safe as Home.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Young men who seek adventure should give the Wild West of America a wide berth, unless they possess an abundance of nerve, and are not in the least alarmed at the sight of a revolver. A short time since a young man of the swell order

Sat in Central Park,

New York City, meditating as to what he could do for a little excitement. Having heard that the cowboy reaps the full benefit of the enjoyments of life he concluded a month passed that way would improve his health and physical condition. He immediately made preparations for the trip boarding at rain for North Platte, Nebraska. On reaching the point of his destination he journeyed to a tavern and engaged board. For a day or two the town was devoid of all excitement, and he had about made up his mind that stories of the West had been greatly exaggerated. The third day subsequent to his arrival a party of cowboys came down from the ranch for a bit of sport. Drinking became monotonous and next in order was a shooting "Bee." Spotting out the tenderfoot they planted him close to the wall and the leader produced a brace of revolvers. The young man pleaded for mercy, believing his hour for stepping over the river Jordan had arrived. To his surprise, however, the leader made an outline of the young man of bullets on the wall. Some of the shots were too close for comfort, and after tiring of this sport, the boys initiated the tenderfoot into gulping down whisky which was of sufficient strength to kill at forty rods. The victim received such a fright that the following day he boarded an east-bound train content with cowboy experiences for the balance of his natural life.

CHARLEY'S HAIR TURNED WHITE.

Charley Bruno, a twelve-year-old son of A. J. Bruno, residing near the hamlet of Wayne Centre, New York State, came near losing his life under peculiar circumstances.

In the afternoon his father and the hired man went out rabbit hunting, while Charley went to the village after the mail. When he returned and found his father had gone hunting, he shouldered his rifle and started out, intending to overtake his father. Near a piece of woods, about a mile from the house, he shot at a rabbit and crippled it, but the rabbit managed to reach cover of the woods. Charley followed the tracks in the snow until they reached a hollow log, where the rabbit had crawled in. He took off his coat and crawled in after the rabbit, and stuck fast so that he could not move either in or out. He shouted for help, but nobody heard him. Mr. Bruno and the hired man returned home just before dusk, and, after doing up the chores, went into the house. Mrs. Bruno asked where Charley was, whether they had not seen him. They said they had not, but supposed, of course, that he would come around at meal time, as he often went out shooting red squirrels and other small game with his rifle.

Becoming alarmed, Mr. Bruno and the hired man went to search for the boy, taking the dog with them. The dog soon struck the trail of the boy and led them to a log, where the animal began to bark very loudly. Mr. Bruno struck a match and looking into the hole espied the boy's legs sticking out. Charley was pulled out in an unconscious condition and was carried home. On the way home he revived, but passed a bad night, tossing around in bed and muttering incoherently about rabbits. In the morning he came out all right, but his hair, which was formerly black, was white from the terrible fright he had undergone.

That morning nothing would pacify the boy but that his father and the hired man should return to the hollow tree and look for the rabbit. To please Charley they did so, and upon splitting the tree the rabbit was found dead.

ON T'OTHER SIDE OF JORDAN.

The town of Gagny has been the scene of another of those "passionate" dramas peculiar to the French. A. M. Vilcot went to the headquarters of the gendarmerie with a letter which he had found nailed to the door of M. Béranger, a much-respected business man of the town. The letter stated that when it should be opened he would be a dead man, and he requested M. Vilcot to telegraph to his relations, but to keep the matter as quiet as possible. Upon proceeding to the residence of M. Béranger they found his body stretched upon the bed, and beside him that of a young woman, Madame Sogues, who left her husband some time ago to live with him. In the centre of the room was a charcoal stove which had burnt itself out. The neighbours had heard the couple singing gaily the night previously, and in the dining-room were the remains of an expensive supper, of which they had partaken. One the table were also several letter which they had written to their friends.

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